REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 47. BELFAST, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876. NUMBER 9.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Management of Pastures.

An essay read by A. W. Cheever, at a meeting of the Vermont Dairymen's Association held at Rutland, Vt., January 21, 1876.

Pastures should be so managed as to yield the fullest possible annual returns, at the same time that their full vigor and productiveness are constantly maintained or increased. If a pasture is stocked with but one or two kinds of grass it cannot yield a constant and full supply of feed all through the summer. Grasses have a natural time for flowering, and when this season is past they make, comparatively, but little growth. Orchard grass, June grass, and perhaps a few others, are partial exceptions, as these make a continuous growth of leaves after the blooming season is over, if the soil is rich and is naturally adapted to these grasses.

To keep up a full supply of feed in pastures through the season, have as many varieties of grasses suitable for pastures as you can make grow. More feed can be produced on an acre from ten varieties than can possibly be from one variety, even if the ten all bloom at the same time, just as a wood lot will grow more wood and timber with several varieties growing together, than if wholly devoted to one kind.

Man is by no means the only social being on the earth. The trees, the grass, the birds, animals and insects are all better protected and provided for, as species, in company with each other, than if each species held possession of the world alone. Some varieties of grasses do best on low, moist ground, while others thrive only on dry knolls. Some do best in the shade; others succeed only in the open sunlight. Some varieties incline to run up straight and tall, while others creep low and hug the ground. The coarse varieties, grown alone, would leave many vacant spaces, while the smaller and finer sorts would yield but half a crop; but, when many kinds are grown together, the land is made to yield all it is capable of producing. There is, however, a great deal of difference in the comparative value of different species of grass, both for pasture and for mowings, and farmers should be familiar with a greater variety of the native and cultivated grasses.

When seeding down a pasture, one should sow all the varieties of grass he can obtain, and then watch the growth and habits of each kind to learn which to give the preference next time. But don't grow seeds as an experiment—they have been used long enough already.

I made a trip through a portion of your state last fall, much of which I enjoyed exceedingly, yet when I saw, in almost every pasture, mowing or grain field, the Canada thistles, and imagined how I would feel binding grain or lying for a moment on the green grass with these hateful weeds for companions, I was almost happy to think of returning to my own Massachusetts farm, where the land is naturally too poor for thistles to grow.

If I owned a good Vermont farm, infested by thistles, I would spend all my spare time, if necessary, the first two years in killing the thistles, for I believe it can be done. If very abundant, I would run over all the fields and pastures with a mowing machine or scythe before the thistles had time to perfect seeds. If only a few were scattered here and there, I would get a light, sharp hoe, with a blade not over two inches wide, and before a single thistle went to seed, I would just strike my hoe under the lowest leaf and cut the stalk at a single blow, and then go for another, for no plant can live long without leaves. This course followed up for two or three years, I think, would give me clean bundles of grain, a haymow that I could run my hand into, and a spot of green turf I could sit upon, if I chose while eating my lunch.

There has been a good deal of discussion among farmers as to whether an old pasture should be ploughed and re-seeded, or kept permanently in grass without ploughing. This question, like that of deep or shallow ploughing, seems to be one that must be answered according to the peculiar conditions and circumstances connected with each individual case. Good, natural pasture land, may, undoubtedly, be kept in grass all the time, if it is properly managed. I have seen thousands of acres of such land in New England, where every foot, yes, every inch of the soil is completely covered by nutritious grasses, excepting where those pernicious Canada thistles, or other weeds, have been allowed to get a foothold. Such pastures, if neither overfed nor underfed, will last a very long time, and for all we know, forever, without requiring the use of the plough.

Overstocking pastures, as usually practiced, tends to run them out. The grass is gnawed down close, the hot sun burns and dries the soil, and the roots are either killed or seriously enfeebled. Overstocking and draught generally work together, as it is usually only during dry seasons that pastures are overstocked. In seasons of drought the grass ceases to grow, but the cattle don't cease to feed, and so the life of the grass is often sacrificed to save the lives of the animals.

But, however injurious the practice of overfeeding may be, it is hardly more so than the opposite of underfeeding. There may be cases where a pasture may be benefited by letting it go unpastured for a season, but I do not believe it is often an economical method of treating it.

If land is to be pastured instead of having the crop gathered by the scythe or mower, it should be fed *as it grows*. It would not be profitable to mow a field every day, the harvest would be too small to pay for the labor, but cattle can gather the feed as it grows without much extra effort, while the grass will be in its very best condition. For the production of milk there has nothing yet been found superior to the short, sweet, recently-grown leaves of grass. If pastures are understocked, or if they are turned into too late in the spring, the grass gets old and tough and is rejected by the cattle unless they are very hungry.

It should be our aim to get from our pastures all they are capable of producing, and we should also keep our cattle at pasture in the very best possible condition. These two things we must accomplish if we would obtain the best success with our pastures and our cattle. There is, in my own town, one strip of good land. It reminds me of your Vermont hill pastures. The grass starts early in spring, and usually grows all summer. On this strip of good, natural pasture land are two farms, adjoining each other. The soil is uniform in character, one being no better than the other, but the pastures have been managed for a long time, very differently.

The owner of one of the farms has taken in stock to pasture, and has turned in as many animals as the pasture could possibly carry. A little stock is turned in early in the spring, as soon as the feed starts, and as the growth of the grass is increased, more is turned in, so that the grass is fed off as fast as it grows. Nothing runs up to seed, nothing gets hard and wiry, but the whole growth of the pasture is consumed while in its very best condition. The turf is exceedingly thick and fine, every inch of the surface being completely covered by the best quality of pasture grass. Few lawns upon gentlemen's grounds exceed this pasture in beauty when it is in its best condition. But, as might be expected under this system of management, it is not always in its best condition. Being so heavily stocked, it produces nothing that goes to waste. Every pound of grass that gets high enough to be bitten off by the cattle is consumed, and so long as the weather is favorable to continuous growth the grass looks healthy and the feeding upon it get a comfortable living. But when the rains cease and the hot sun burns the earth for weeks in succession so that little new growth is made, the animals suffer. They are obliged to gnaw close and stick to it about all the time. They barely obtain a living, but not fat or growth is made, and if the drought is long continued, they lose a portion of the growth that was previously made in the spring. Now, under this system, the pasture is made to produce all it possibly can. Every pound of grass that grows is utilized.

Close feeding has the same effect upon grass that close shearing has upon our hedges or ornamental trees. If let alone, they run up tall and the branches are open and straggling, but if they are kept closely sheared, the growth may be so close and fine that a bird can hardly find entrance. So grass, closely fed or sheared, grows thick and fine, and although, to the casual observer, it makes less show, yet it really produces more nutriment to the acre than if left to run up to seed. The lawn mowers, which have come into such general use in villages within a few years past, have proved the advantage of close and frequent cutting for producing a fine, thick turf.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Drunken Farm.

Often and often, while passing through the country, have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The door yard fence had disappeared—burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking condition on one hinge; the steps were unsteady like its owner; everything was dilapidated, decayed, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that its owner traded too much at one shop—the rum shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the farmer's throat. Outside matters were the same. The barn-yards were wretched stys; the doors were off, the roofs were leaky, the gates down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink. The farm showed the trail of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbled stone wall, the rickety fences, the weed grown fields, the sparse and half headed crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer-by, "Whiskey did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of a coating of fertilizer; sloth, instead of labor; unthrift in the place of care, and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink-blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from the town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures, for young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunken farm. [Golden Rule.

News Items.

A flood of light is thrown upon the condition of society at the National Capital under the present Administration by the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, which lays bare the true inwardness of the anonymous letters written by the wife of ex-Attorney-General Williams to the members of the Cabinet and even to Mrs. Grant, just prior to his taking leave of the Cabinet. In the Spring of 1875 several Cabinet Ministers and their families and the President's family received anonymous letters which excited a great deal of curiosity on the part of those receiving them. It was some time before the different ones became aware that any other than their own families had received these attentions, but a reference to the matter by one soon brought out the fact that the others had also received these letters. One of the letters charged Secretary Belknap and his family with improper connection with the French arms sales, while others contained threats of a serious character. The letters to Belknap are described by Solicitor Bluford Wilson as infamous and such as would provoke murder if the author was a man. There is said to have been truth at the bottom of most of the charges, and this fact made the work of discovery of the author of the letters a delicate matter, as upon its treatment, in a measure, depended the reputation of the Cabinet as well as of the Administration itself. Should the author be publicly exposed it might lead to an open scandal, and a secret investigation was set on foot by some members of the Cabinet. The result of the investigation was the discovery that Mrs. Williams was the author of the letters, and as a final result the Attorney-General was dismissed from the Cabinet without having been informed of the reasons for it. The facts revealed not only the official and personal corruption which underlies public life at Washington, but also the social ambitions and jealousies which form so strong an element in Washington society nowadays. Mrs. Belknap and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Robeson were rivals in the ball-room and at receptions, and each tried to crush the other. In these rivalries Mrs. Williams was detected, and in consequence the Attorney-General lost his place in the Cabinet. Another theory leading to the belief that Mrs. Williams wrote these letters was that it was in return for the intrigues of many of the leading women in Washington to secure the defeat of Attorney-General Williams as Chief Justice on account of their jealousy of Mrs Williams, and their determination that if any effort of their own could prevent it she should not occupy the position of second lady in social rank in Washington

Swapping Hats.

Moses still continues to do honors of the Robinson House at Buckport, with all that excellence and genial disposition that were his twenty years ago. His house is a favorite resort, and his guests are cool and happy there these hot days. Moses is a bit of a wag, by the way, some times. Recently, by mistake, a strange guest took another guest's hat, and went out. Directly the remaining guest came out of the dining hall and picked up the remaining hat which somewhat resembled his own. He complained to Moses that some one had made off with his hat. Moses asked his name which was given. He then went outside exploring, and soon found the stranger with *unchapeau* that didn't exactly set easy on his head. Moses stepped up to him and asked his name which was given. "Ah," says Moses, "you are just the man I was looking for. There is a gentleman in the house who wants to see you." In to the office they went, where was still the disappointed guest number one. With great dignity Moses presented them to each other with the formalities of the most formal introduction; "Mr. A. allow me to introduce you to Mr. B. Mr. B., Mr. A." The gentlemen shook hands and passed the compliments of the morning, and then each waited to learn what of importance the other had to communicate. Neither had anything to say, and the situation was becoming embarrassing. Both looked to Moses for an explanation. With the utmost gravity Moses said: "Gentleman, I thought I would introduce you, thinking that, perhaps, *you might like to swap hats.*" An exchange of hats was made and a hearty laugh all around wound up the matter. [Commercial.

Several months ago, a man residing on East street, Alleghany, sold his wife to another man residing on the same street for $25. The purchaser paid $5 down and took his purchase home on trial. The woman was perfectly satisfied with her new husband, and made herself so useful that he concluded he would keep her. He, therefore, on yesterday, called upon her former husband and paid over the remaining $20 in the presence of several witnesses. The woman's relatives and all concerned were perfectly satisfied with the whole transaction.

At Cape Elizabeth on one morning Mr. George Stone found a hole on his premises which had been dug the previous night. The lower portion of an oil lantern and a bottle partly filled with quicksilver were lying near the excavation. A still closer scrutiny disclosed a cavity in the bottom, which had evidently been recently filled by a large kettle. Whether treasures of pirates, or the spoils of a bank robbery had been buried there no one could tell.

The Good By.

Come into the garden and walk with me
While dancers whirl to that dreamy tune,
See the moonlight silvers the sleeping sea,
And the world is fair as a night in June.

Let me hold your hand as I used to do,
This is the last, last time you know,
For to-morrow a wooer comes to woo,
And win you, though I love you so.

Oh! is it because we must part to-night
That the music seems so sad? Ah me!—
You are crying, love, and your lips are white,
Oh! the waves of life are a mystery.

I love you, love, with a love so true,
That in coming years I'll not forget
The beautiful form and face I knew,
And the thought will always hold regret.

I shall stand by the sea, as I stand to-night,
And think of the vision whose brightness died
When winter frosts fell chill and white
On the fairest flower of the summer tide.

They are calling you. Must I let you go?
Must I say good-by and go my way?
If you must go, it is better so,
Good by's such a sorrowful word to say.

Give me m'amie, one last sweet kiss,
So we kiss our dear ones and see them die,
Death holds no parting so sad as this;
God bless and keep you, and so—Good-by.

A Bit of Lace.

"It's a perfectly exquisite piece of lace, papa."

"I dare say, Flor."

"But I want you to look at it."

"I shouldn't know any more about it if I did."

"Well, then, I want you to buy it."

"Buy it? What for?"

"Why, for me."

"Pay five hundred dollars for a handkerchief for you?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, papa, I should think it was something atrocious. All the other girls have them, although certainly this is a little, the least little, nicer than theirs. I don't know why Lucy should have a handsomer handkerchief than I, just because she is married. Any body else would say it was enough to be married, and so let me have the handkerchief. Married women have everything—love and lace and diamonds. Now, papa, just take out your bockeibook." It was a coaxing voice.

"Do you suppose I carry five hundred dollar bills in my pocket book?"

"It makes no odds. Your check-book, then. I've set my heart on it, it's such a beauty. If you will only look at it—look at that wreath of flowers, all so delicately shaded; here the close work in the light, you see, there the open work in the shade, so perfect you can quite fancy the colors; and all done in this one thread. See, papa, there's a dew-drop, that round hole in the mesh."

"Nonsense, Flor; I can't see anything of the kind there."

"That's because your eye isn't educated, sir. Mine is; for I have studied other people's laces till I could almost work them. That's a good man! I knew you would. You always do. One, two, three!" And then there was a shower of kisses and tinkling laughter. And that was the conversation of a millionaire and his daughter that Lucien Malvin heard over the open transom of the next room to his in the hotel where he staid overnight a year or two ago, seeing neither people nor handkerchief, and aghast at the thought of a handkerchief costing the awful price of five hundred dollars, which was one third of the mortgage on his little place that he was trying to pay off, heart and soul—a conversation that now recurred to him in a moment of real agony, as the house-maid stood before him holding a little limp rag in her hand that she had just snatched out of the wash-tub, and that last night was a dainty bit of lace that Miss Rosa Mercier had called her handkerchief, and had given him to hold during the galop. Good heaven, how was he ever to restore it!

He was a young lawyer, just entering upon what in time would probably be a fine practice, but which was now rather empirical. He had started in the race for wealth and honor with good legal ability, good name, and good morals, and with no other impediments than a little patrimony in the shape of a modest dwelling in the suburbs, which he had been obliged to mortgage for the means to get a part of his education and his profession, which mortgage he was striving to pay off, that he might begin the future clear of the world. He was a handsome fellow, this Lucien Malvin, an ambitious one too, in some degree, and very nearly as proud as Lucifer. He used to feel many a pang in the association with those so much wealthier than himself to which certain circumstances had subjected him. He had had an important case accidentally thrown into his hands and had acquitted himself so well that the wealthy client took him up and would not let him down; and when Lucien remonstrated that it was out of his power to keep up such association and was mortifying to his pride besides, the client had assured him it was not pride, but vanity, that was mortified, and that the way to be as wealthy as those he met was to keep their company and get their cases; and he had thought, on the whole, that perhaps his friend was right, and if he began to yield with an ignoble motive, had nevertheless become very fond of the ways of people to whom wealth had given every opportunity of grace and culture, and who knew how to treat life like a work of art. Moreover, it was not a little that he was petted by various of these good people. Certainly motherly ladies made him at home with them, and won his confidence and affection, notably Mrs. Barnetta. Parents with good rent-rolls of their own, as Mrs. Barnetta, used to tell him, were not so insistent in the matter of rent-rolls as of virtue and talent in their daughters' husbands; and he was invited here and there, and given to understand a great deal more than he choose to understand. Proud as Lucifer, as it was previously stated, he was going to marry no heiress of them all and be the thrall of her money; he would not marry a rich woman, he could not marry a poor one. When he married, he was going to give, not take, and at present he had nothing to give. Perhaps he would have been a nobler person if he had not been quite so strenuous in this matter of obligation; but then, as Mrs. Barnetta said, he would not have been Lucien Malvin, and Lucien Malvin was a very good fellow, after all, and there are few of us but have our faults.

It was among these people that he happened to meet Rosa Mercier. She had come from a distant place, and was visiting his pleasantest acquaintance; and certainly the house was pleasanter still after her sunshiny little presence dawned upon it. It seemed as if, for instance, there never had been any flowers in the house before, although it had always been overflowing; it seemed as if there had been no music there, no light, or color, or cheer; and now the place was too dangerously delightful for a young man who did not want to frequent. She was such a lovely little thing; not exactly beautiful, that is, she would not have been beautiful in a picture, but in flesh and blood, and in Lucien Malvin's eyes, she was exceedingly beautiful with her soft color, her clear, dark gaze, and her bright hair, that broke into a cloud of sunny rings about her sweet face; such a gentle gayety went with her wherever she did, such a tender grace of manner, too, in the intervals of her buoyant spirits; her voice was such a warbling voice, her ways were such winsome ways. Lucien Malvin felt that he must forswear her presence unless he wanted to make life a burden to himself; and he ceased going to Mrs. Barnetta's, where she was staying, almost as suddenly as day forsakes the horizon in that dreary season when twilights are not.

But if he could shut himself out from the Barnetta's, he could not shut Miss Rosa out from general society; and go where he would he met her almost nightly, laughing gayly, singing sweetly, dancing lightly, till he declared to himself that if this was going to last, he must cease going out at all. But that was a little too much; he did not know how positively to deny himself the mere sight of her. Yet things were growing very precarious when he could not take a book but he saw that blushing gold-enringled face slide in between the pages, when he could not make out a writ without being in danger of slipping her name into the blanks, when he heard the delicious voice murmuring in his ears when he walked, and walked all night with the little spirit when he slept. He made a compromise with himself—it was all he could—and declared that at any rate he would not dance with her again.

It was an idle effort. He might almost as well have danced with her as have stood looking at her quite unconscious of his general air, and all the lover in his glance. Mrs. Barnetta beckoned him to her side; he stood there just as Rosa came up from her promenade and left the arm of one cavalier to be carried off by another. "You are dancing Mr. Malvin?" she said. "Oh, would you hold my fan and handkerchief?" He followed them with his eye again as the music crashed into a dashing galop.

What right had that other man with his clasp about this darling? Why did she suffer it? What decency was there in the society that commanded such sacrifice? In his embrace—whirling wildly to this wild music!

"You do hate him, don't you?" said Mrs. Barnetta, in his ear. "If looks could slay—" He started. Was he carrying his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at? "O I don't pity you a bit," laughed Mrs. Barnetta, low-toned. And putting out her hand, she took Rosa's fan and opened it as she talked. "Anybody," said she, "with such a power of making misery ought to enjoy it."

"I—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Barnetta, but if you read me riddles, I must ask you also to be their Sphinx."

"Oh no; it was the function of the Sphinx to propound the riddles, not to solve them. And Mrs. Barnetta laughed her low, pleasant laugh. "You do not come to us any more," she said. "And I used to be in your confidence before you deserted me; I can imagine the reason. I do not like to say that it is shabby treatment of an old friend. Of course I cannot say that it is rude. But it you do not dance with Miss Mercier this evening, I shall be fearfully offended. I am not going to have my little treasure made unhappy for the sake of the safety of the prince of all good fellows himself."

Lucian changed color so suddenly that Mrs. Barnetta put out her hand in affright, half expecting to see him fall; but in a moment he was himself again.

"Do you—Is Miss Mercier—" he began, and paused half way.

"As if I should say another word, and had not I already said altogether too much!" said Mrs. Barnetta. "There, she has left dancing and gone for an ice. What do you think of round dances on the whole?" And they were, to all appearances deep in a discussion of the subject when Rosa returned and swept her late partner a courtesy, and took shelter on the outer side of Mrs. Barnetta. Perhaps she had seen the way Lucian's eye had followed her, and it had given her a certain illumination that made her shrink.

Just then the band began one of the Hungarian waltzes, a sweet and rapturous measure that set the blood itself to dancing in one's veins. Why not? One last dance, one last moment of ecstasy, ere he went out forever into loneliness. Directly he had crumpled the bit of lace into his pocket, and was bending before little Rosa, who seemed to have lost all her light gayety, and put out her hand to him with a conscious burning blush upon her face that his heart reflected in a melting glow. And then there was no thought of pride, or ot negation, or forgetting; the music was swinging them at its will; they circled in each others arms to its delicious and delirious movement—eternity would hardly have any bliss for lovers beyond the bliss of that moment. Yet only a moment was it, a few moments, a brief sweet space of half-conscious time; and then a faint recognition crept through its spell and warned Lucian of the poison in his honey. He was in the act of surrender; he was about to seal his fate and that of this dear girl; to take her away from her father's wealth and her luxurious ease, and condemn her to the carking cares of poverty. All his nature rebelled; he chose not to be swayed by this melody of horns and strings; he would have no passion, neither music nor love, so master his soul as to become the element in which it swam, an exclusion of thought and fear, of sight and sound and all other emotion; and with this imperious determination he chose to break the enchantment; the real world crept back upon his senses, he heard the tune, beyond this cloud that wrapt him, breaking again into its distinctive measure, and exerting his will, he controlled their steps and paused at last beside Mrs. Barnetta, and with a low bow, and without a word, gave Rosa back into that lady's care, and passed into the crowd and out of the place and home to his lonely rooms.

It was daybreak before he sought repose, walking the floor till then, hardly knowing what he did or what he thought, but intent upon conquering himself. He would give the world for Rosa Mercier's love, but he would not give his pride. To him that pride meant self-respect; to marry her, the child of opulace meant either to sell himself for a price, or to reduce her to trouble and weariness in which her love might soon wear out. He did not doubt that love now; without a syllable's speech, he felt sure of it. While it thrilled him wildly and deeply, it cast a sudden regret; he only hoped, and cursed fate that forced him to hope such a thing, that presently the love would pass, and some one who would make her happier would claim her. At length with maledictions in the act, he emptied his pockets of the gloves, handkerchiefs, and trifles there, and went to bed, with the sun coming through the curtains, and, worn out in body and mind, slept to the blessed and thorough oblivion of all the world.

When he awoke it was late in the day. All his troubles rushed over him, but in a moment all his will to repel it rose too. He dressed himself leisurely; he meant to call that night on Miss Mercier, restore her handkerchief that he had forgotten to give back after the dance, and in some indirect way let her know that he intended never to marry, and so seal his doom beyond hope. He went into the next room when he had completed his toilet, and after attending to one or two affairs, looked for the handkerchief that he remembered to have taken from his pocket and to have tossed upon the table there. It was not on the table; it was nowhere in the room. In a panic, he rang the bell; and when it was answered, instituted an inquiry concerning the thing. Yest indeed, Susan had seen it, and thought it was so yellow and soiled she would take it down and wash it. "Lors, sir, it was the dirtiest little rag," she said, "Just straw-color. And I thought I'd give it a run through the tub and the bluing and make it fit to be seen."

"Good heavens!" he cried, with a horrified flash of remembrance of having somewhere heard that the yellower lace was, the more precious was it, and that it never was washed on any account, except by people who did nothing else. "Let me have it at once." And in five minutes afterward Susan stood before him holding up the little limp rag, and with a pang as from the blow of something unknown and dreadful, the conversation that he had heard over the transom of the hotel door, a year or two ago, swept back upon his recollection.

Five hundred dollars! And gone to grief in a moment! And he could no more replace it than he could fly, without what was the same to him as absolute ruin. Of course he must replace it; he could not be indebted, through the stupidity of his servant, or through any other means, to Miss Mercier in that sum. Without any doubt she valued such a bit of lace; and it anything were needed to demonstrate to him the wisdom of the course he had decided on, and the utter absurdity of having dared for a single moment to look with love on one of these darling of fortune, it was the fact that her handkerchiefs alone were items of five hundred dollars. What a shame! what a wickedness! what a preposterous folly! How could a young man marry! He burned with indignation then.

But to replace it: one third of the sum he was saving to redeem his little property from mortgage—all the money he really had in the world beyond that from his daily expenses! It was the ruin of his hopes, his ambition, his pride, that scorned so to be anybody's debtor; it threw him back in the race how long! But it must be done. He had a trifle over $500 in the national solvency bank. He drew his check for the necessary sum, and folded it away in his pocketbook, and then went about his business till night-fall, when he came back to his dreary rooms, and made himself ready for a call at Mrs. Barnetta's.

The night had never seemed so beautiful, the stars so large and keen far above the earth, so remote and cold—they typified all the dear and happy things of life forever removed from him. His heart was chilled and his face was white when he stood at last in Mrs. Barnetta's drawing-room, and she floated forward to meet him. He had not asked for Miss Mercier.

"It is a delicate errand, Mrs. Barnetta," said he, with a dreary attempt at smiling. "But the truth is that my maid, in her officious kindness, has done such damage to a bit of Miss Mercier's property that I must replace it. And I have come to beg you, out of your friendship for me, to transact the affair, if such an article can be replaced here. I believe these little trifles are rather costly, and if you will procure one"—and he laid the check he had drawn that morning and the little limp rag in Mrs. Barnetta's hand—"as like the original as possible, I—"

"My dear Mr. Malvin, what in the world are you talking of?" cried Mrs. Barnetta. "Have you money to throw about in this way? Five hundred dollars—what is it for?"

"To replace Miss Mercier's handkerchief, if you will be so kind as to make the purchase."

"Like this?" said Mrs. Barnetta, holding up the little limy rag by one corner.

"Like that," said Lucian.

"Oh, that is too good," cried Mrs. Barnetta, with a peal of laughter. "It is too good, it is too absurd! What creatures men are! Did you imagine that this bit of finery was worth all that?—this little scrid of grass-cloth and German lace? No wonder the young men don't marry, then! My dear Mr. Malvin, this miserable handkerchief cost exactly two dollars and a half, and was nearly worn out at that. Did you imagine, too, that my poor little Rosa could wear five hundred-dollar handkerchiefs, without a cent to her name?"

"Without a cent to her name?" cried Lucian, springing to his feet.

"Exactly. Aha! Is that the trouble? Now why didn't you come and talk it over with me in the way you used to do, and save yourself all this vexation, and save my little Rosa too? What an absurd boy you are! Another would have waited to hear that she was an heiress; you wait to hear that she is penniless. Well, she is, it that satisfies you, except for what I shall leave my little god-daughter when I die—which will not be at present. D. V. And there she is in the next room now. But, bless me—"

Lucian had not waited for the rest of the invocation. He was already in the next room, and Rosa was already in his arms

Undiscovered Murders.

The old saying, says the London Telegraph, that "murder will out" is unexceptionable as a moral axiom, but unfortunately is not altogether substantiated by experience. The number of undiscovered murders is far larger than might be supposed. Those who will take the trouble to search their memory of the last eight or nine years will recall several cases where, beyond all question, a crime has been perpetrated, and yet no clew has been left to guide justice on the proper track. But a few years ago the mutilated remains of a woman were found floating in the Thames, and there was no manner of doubt that she had come to her death by foul means. From that day to this, however, the mystery has remained unsolved. Twenty years since, or thereabouts, a boy, the son of respectable parents, who was standing near the Angel, at Islington, was asked by an unknown man in a dog cart to hold his horse for him. The stranger gave him some pence, and offered him a "lift" on his way home, which the lad accepted. The boy was never seen again until, six months afterwards, his body was found in a ditch at Ealing, covered with wounds and bruises, and in a condition which showed too clearly that he had been starved to death. It is unnecessary to multiply in detail this ghastly catalogue. Builders of experience know that whenever any old rookery is swept away the workmen, in the course of their excavations for the new street, come across skeletons which obviously have never had lawful burial. The truth, indeed, is that murder is not only a commoner, but also an easier crime than is generally supposed. It may, no doubt, be the case that a great many of the so-called "mysterious disappearances" are, in a certain sense, fictitious, and that the person whose death by foul means is suspected has simply to use a significant American phrase "gone under." On the other hand, the London police tell us that almost daily in the river and elsewhere are found bodies of persons who have obviously come to their death by foul means, but about whom no inquiry whatever is made. Some few years ago the corpse of a young girl, well dressed and evidently of a superior position in life, was seen floating in the Regent's Canal. She had been stunned with a heavy blow and then thrown into the water, and it was clear from her apparel and from other indications that she must have been living amongst people well-to-do, at any rate, if not, perhaps, exactly what is called respectable. An inquest was held, an open verdict was returned, and for some weeks an accurate description of the unfortunate young woman and her dress, together with the very letters with which her clothes were marked, was inserted in all the papers. Hundreds of people came to see the body, but nobody identified it, although there can be no doubt that the unhappy creature was known to persons who either knew, or guessed only too well, the cause of her disappearance. It is terrible to think that things of this kind should be possible; but that they are possible cannot for a moment be questioned, and it is indeed doubtful whether murder is not more common in civilized communities than amongst those barbarous nations where the elements of life are simple, and where the miserable cares, desires, jealousies, suspicions and hatreds that are bred of wealth and luxury are altogether unknown.

Last evening a woman crowded her way into city hall, took a man by the ear and waltzed him down the stairs with the remark, "If I catch you walking down Congress Street with that woman again; I'll leave the print of my ten commandments on your face or hers, you take my word for it." The man made no resistance. [Portland Advertiser.

Exposition Notes.

[Written for the Journal.]

FRENCH FINERY.

The ladies are never tired of gazing at the rich silks and laces which form such prominent features in the French section of the Main building. If the French people, by their very elaborate display of dress fabrics and accompaniments, have innocently been the cause of a vast deal of envy in the hearts of American ladies, they can hardly be blamed. It was their aim and duty to make as bewildering a show as possible, and their complete success is beyond all doubt. It has been strongly hinted that even the masculine portion of humanity has expressed great admiration, in secret, for the lustrous silks and satins, handiwork of the Lyons factories. Well, no doubt of it; they *would* make such captivating neckties when cut up into narrow strips. The manufacture of silk in France was commenced as early as 1536, when immense factories were established by merchants of Florence and Lucca. In the season of 1874–5 the product of silk in France was more than five times that of Spain, though only about one-quarter that of Italy. Lace-making in France is one of the principal industries, as many as 250,000 persons being employed in workshops and at home in its manufacture. Many admirable specimens are shown. Of all the French laces the most noted is the point d'Alencon, which has had a wide celebrity for more than two centuries, and has received the name of the queen of lace. Flowers and ferns are interwoven in it with a high degree of accuracy. Its construction is so elaborate that it is seldom made in other than small pieces. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 was a dress of this lace, the production of Bayeux, consisting of two flounces and trimmings, which any indulgent husband could take home to his wife for only 85,000 francs, or $17,000. It required forty women seven years to complete it. The nicest lace has often been sold at $1,200 a pound, and has been mentioned as high as $2,500. Of braids and trimmings, satins, crapes and ribbons, there is such a varied collection that an inspection of them is fully equal to one of Worth's spring openings. Gloves are in abundance, Jouvin's and Alexandre's having a full representation in all numbers and shades. I noticed some that would button certainly half way up the arm. (Some fellows might be so foolish as to forbid their girls wearing such.) As to giving any idea of the style and quality of the shawls in this department, it is wholly out of the question; for this, back numbers of the New Century for Women should be consulted. Then, again, it is well known how impossible an achievement it is to render an opinion on a shawl, unless it's in its natural place—when the difficulties get narrowed down. The Paris sham jewelry is exhibited in profusion. This looks as gaudy as the more solid and substantial wares of Geneva, but the buying of any quantity of it will effect the purse less. Then comes the long lists of fancy articles, as neckties, handkerchiefs, feathers, perfumery, soap, ornamental articles and the like, in which the French claim precedence, and very few nations like to contest the point with them.

JEWELS OF ITALY.

Out of the many products requiring skill and science, for which the people of this sunny clime have acquired an enviable reputation, the single item of jewelry is a world of study in itself. Everyone is naturally interested in this class of goods, therefore the amount of inspection they receive is great. Besides the very inviting aspect that jewels always present, whereven seen, the exhibitors have shown extremely good taste in the style of cases and manner of arrangement. We find the delicate red and pink coral in full sets, brooches, cravat pins, bracelets and necklaces. These and the more common lava jewelry are mostly contributions from the shops of Naples. From Venice and Florence are sent the beautiful mosaics, inlaid and stone sets. The making of mosaics is very fine work, and requires the most experienced workmen, who are, as they should be, more liberally paid than any other class of laborers in Italy. Persons who have seen any work of this kind will appreciate the difficulties of producing perfect likenesses from nature by placing together the merest specks of colored stones. Their display of pure gold, diamond and cameo jewelry is very extensive, quite comprehensive and awfully expensive.

The Italians are almost as widely noted for their imitation gems as the French, but I think the same law exists there as in Paris to protect strangers against deception. This is, that all houses offering for sale any thing in the line of imitation jewels, must post notices to that effect, and any violation is attended by a very heavy fine; thus persons may rely on getting the strictly genuine, if they pay for it as such. Many of the finest sets are marked as sold, but the fancy prices put on them, added to the duty, makes the expense but little, if any, less than Tiffany's charges. The buyers' names are attached to the purchases in most instances, as a law has existed that no goods on exhibition should be removed till after the 10th of November. This has not been so understood until recently, when the strong efforts which have been made to authorize the selling and immediate delivery of any goods, have resulted successfully, and such a rule is now in effect, conditionally.

MINOR NOTES.

Articles on exhibit to the value of over $1,000 have already been stolen from the Exhibition buildings.... No wonder at the good opinion in which Dom Pedro is held by all Americans. His visits to the Centennial have borne fruit in the shape of orders for nearly $2,000,000 worth of our goods, mostly machinery. He is bound that Brazil shall take a front rank among the nations, if familiarity with our products and inventions shall tend to it....It is now thought that not only will the Exhibition prove financially successful as regards meeting the running expenses, but a considerable surplus will be left over from which a dividend will be declared soon after the close.....New York and Michigan have the finest of the State buildings, West Virginia is most hospitable to strangers, while Colorado, as the latest comer has the fullest and most interesting exhibit of natural products.....The chimebells on Machinery Hall have received much praise. They are remarkably sweet toned and play a wide range of tunes. Besides all the national airs, and many such old and new favorites as "Hold the Fort," "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," "The Wearing of the Green," "My Maryland," etc..... It is rather a strange circumstance that the immense Krupp guns of Germany stand immediately facing the French department. It is also noticeable as showing the poor taste and boasting spirit of the Germans, that very many of their paintings in Memorial Hall are of noted battles won by them over the French forces in the late Franco-Prussian war. It seems as though more of harm might be done by exhibits of this style in creating unpleasant feelings, than by the portraits of the pretty damsels in the French section who were only so unfortunate as to be sketched before they had fairly begun their toilets, in encouraging immorality.... The Orange Free State of South Africa has a very tastily arranged corner where all the products of that far-away land may be seen. It so happened that the king of this country was in England a few weeks ago concluding some negotiations concerning boundary lines, and sent to the President of the United States his congratulations on the nations' having reached its one hundredth birthday. But such courtesy was thrown away on one who didn't feel enough interest or pride in the event to have the chief magistracy represented at Philadelphia on that day, even when nearly every foreign nation made efforts to have present at the ceremonies their Consuls or Ministers of State.....The elegant and intricate carved work of the Swiss peasantry is much admired. Leaves and birds, very delicately cut and yet so perfectly true to nature as to hardly appear possible to have been the work of human hands, groups of men and animals in all manner of fantastic shapes, and in fact nearly every conceivable article of usefuness or ornament appear as the result of their patient, skillful labor. To glance at the full display in this line at the Exposition is nearly equivalent to taking in the same class of curious articles in the shop windows of Berne and Interlacken. Bears are a specialty, and are made to assume any position and shape. The Swiss also represent an immense market for the manufacture of fine gold jewelry and watches, music boxes, silk handkerchiefs and other goods of like nature, in all these having acquired a world-wide celebrity for great ingenuity as well as first class workmanship. Their exhibit compares favorably with those of nations making far greater pretensions to advancement and culture. F.

Wanted; A Gentleman.

Written for the Journal.

If an advertiser offered a reward for one of these beings when found, the wheels of the public mail service would be clogged by the weight of letters struggling toward him, sent on their way by self-satisfied individuals. It may or may not be strange, but it is a fact, that every man,—excepting of course the clown and peasant,—thinks himself a gentleman. His standard is generally dreamy; it would be exceedingly difficult for him to define his ideal, and he has grave doubts about the ability of his neighbors Smith, Jones and Robinson to fill the bill of particulars, yet he is certain in a vague way that *he* is himself a gentleman. Venture to tell him frankly that he is not, and he will at once proceed to demonstrate the truth of your asseveration to your cost in physical suffering. So though your opinion indeed has received support, the knowledge has been unpleasantly gained, and you are careful not to repeat the experiment upon the next man whom you meet. That every man desires and expects to be considered by the world a gentleman is a cheering sign; were it otherwise the case would indeed be lost, and it would be hopeless, for the student of his kind to expect the effort of self-culture from his fellows. Are then true gentlemen rarely found? We humbly believe so. A man may be a second Lord Bacon, or he may possess as much outward grace and beauty as Adonis, and yet not be a gentleman always. Lord Bacon was endowed with an all embracing intellect, such as God had never before bestowed upon any other man,—he took all knowledge to be his province,—yet he was a mean bribe-taker and a corrupt Judge. We are compelled, with Macaulay, to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, with mingled aversion and gratitude. And Adonis treated that loveliest of all created young ladies, Venus, with ungallantry; he lowered upon her sullen and fretful looks, he chid her, he frowned, and finally fled incontinently from the field without even taking his *congé*.

A man—

The Hamburg Riot.

[From Charleston News and Courier.]

ITS ORIGIN AND CAUSES.

The affidavits submitted to Judge Maher at Aiken, on Thursday last, on behalf of the persons accused of being concerned in the Hamburg riot, throw a flood of light upon the affair, and will, it is hoped, put it before the country in its true aspect. The witnesses are citizens of good character and high standing. In any court of justice their words would outweigh the words of excited and alarmed negroes, who, in many cases, are proved to have made extraordinary blunders, if they did not fully perjure themselves. In nearly every case, it is proved that the persons charged with the killing at Hamburg, as principals or accessories, were far from the place at the time that the crime was committed. This will be shown whenever they are brought to trial. Our more immediate concern is with the causes and origin of the affray, as made apparent by the testimony submitted for the defence on Thursday.

The fight took place, it should be remembered, on July 8. The parties were a body of armed negroes, claiming to be a militia company, and a number of white citizens of South Carolina and Georgia. John Lee, of Aiken, swears that Doc. Adams, in June last, told him he was organizing a militia company at Hamburg "to kill the whites." Frank Taylor, colored, swears that he was told the same thing by Adams at about the same time. Both these witnesses are Radicals. Edward Rumley swears that previous to the fight, on different occasions, armed bands of negroes patrolled Hamburg, stealing cattle and destroying fences. Other witnesses corroborate this. T. F. Butler swears that on July 3d an officer and two privates of the negro militia halted him and tried to pick a quarrel with him. Aaron Butler, colored, swears that on July 4th Attaway boasted to him that the militia intended to kill the whites; and several negro women who were present said the men would shoot the whites and the women would cut their throats. Geo. Henderson, colored, swears that on the same day he and another colored man were invited by Attaway to join the company he was getting up to kill the whites. This is evidence enough to the purposes of the organization or re-organization of the militia company. We now come to the overt act which led to the fight on the 8th.

Two young men, on July 4th, were driving along the main road in Hamburg. When they reached a point where a well and a ditch cover half the road, they were met by Doc. Adams' militia company, who cursed and abused them, spread themselves across the road, and refused to allow them to pass. They were detained fifteen minutes, when the militia broke ranks, and the young men were allowed to drive on. The averment of the negroes that the two white men interfered with them, and would not pass on, although they could have done so, is rebutted conclusively by the affidavits of the young men themselves. They are men of character and standing, and the conduct of the negroes towards them was, as we have shown, consistent with the apparent purpose of the armed negroes to force a collision with the whites. Proceedings were taken against Adams and his militia company for obstructing the highway. The hearing took place on the 6th. Adams was so insolent in court that he was rebuked by Trial Justice Rivers and placed under arrest, and the further hearing was adjourned to July 8th.

The Rev. J. P. Mealing swears that on July 6th Attaway, after the proceedings in the Trial Justice Court, walked up and down the street, cursing the court and the whites, declaring that he was ready for a fight, and so exciting the negro women that they yelled out, "start it now! start it now! We want to hang on so some white man's collar." The same gentleman swears that Doc. Adams said, "D——n Rivers and his court. While I have a company no one d——d negro or white man shall rule me." Prince Rivers corroborates Mr. Mealing's statement concerning the conduct of Doc Adams and his arrest for contempt. The same day Aaron F. Tyler was cursed and threatened by the negroes in Hamburg; and Mr. D. S. Henderson swears that he was told by ex-Speaker Lee, pending the trial that Sparnick, the Radical Judge of Probate, said that a good thing, politically could be made out of the 4th, and that Sparnick subsequently represented the State. It should also be noted that Jerry Whitlock, colored, swears that on the 4th of July he heard Attaway make threatening remarks against Henry Getson, who was riding by. This Mr. Getson is one of the two young men who were halted and abused by Attaway's men in the evening.

We have now brought down the narrative to July 8th, when the final hearing of the case was to have taken place. The whites who knew then what the public only know now, had every reason to expect an attack of some sort. Mr. Mealing swears, however, that at the opening of the only seven white men were present, and but two of these were armed. Col. A. P. Butler swears that he drove to Aiken in a private carriage, and not at the head of a band of armed men, and that during the riot which occurred he and Gen. Butler did all they could to restrain the mob from violence; and he swears positively that he did not fire a gun or a pistol, or order the killing of a single man. On that very day a colored courier rode from Hamburg to Horse creek, told the colored men there to hurry over to Hamburg, and went on to Reach Island. At midnight the same courier went back to Hamburg with ten armed negroes. These facts are sworn to by Mr. R. E. Carroll. And more important than all that goes before, Wm. F. Flint, the watchman on the Charlotta, Columbia and Augusta Railroad bridge, swears that, on the morning of the 8th, John Thomas, one of Adam's company, passed him on the bridge, with a large pistol in his hand; that he said that Adams had been arrested, 'but the "boys were not going to allow him 'to be tried.'" The deponent further overheard Doc. Adams, that afternoon, give orders to him in the armory to fire upon the Butlers as they come around the corner from Prince River's office. J. H. Lamar swears, also, that a few days before the riot, he heard two negroes talking in the woods about meeting on Friday night in Hamburg, and telling each other that they wanted every man at his post.

Another link in the chain is the testimony as to the status of the militia company. Charles Harden, the colored assistant marshal of Hamburg, swears that Rivers said that the company was not a regular militia company, and their arms were taken without his knowledge. This is corroborated on oath by Prince Rivers himself, and by Stephen Whitman. Not being a regularly organized militia company the surrender of their arms was demanded by the whites. Then the negroes swore that they would not surrender them, but would die arms in hand. And fifteen responsible white citizens swear that the firing was begun by the negroes in the armory, and that Mr. Merriwether had been killed by the negroes before the whites had fired a single shot.

What was the temper of the negroes after the riot? Mr. J. H. Corley swears that on July 9th Williams and other negroes told him of the fight, and said the negroes intended to have revenge—they would kill the whites in the night, hide in the day, and begin again the next night in a different place. On the same day J. R. Randolph met a band of armed negroes, who said they intended to murder the whites, burn their houses and have a country of their own. There was much other testimony of the same sort.

Reviewing the Aiken testimony, we find that the militia company was confessedly organized to threaten and intimidate, if not to kill the whites, that its officers and members were insolent and riotous, and bullied the whole neighborhood; that threats were made on the morning of the 4th against one of the two young men who were halted and insulted that evening; that the negroes on the 6th defied the authority of the Court; that some effort was made to concentrate a force of negroes in Hamburg on the 8th; that the firing was begun by the negroes, and that not a shot was fired by the whites until after young Merriwether had been killed by the negroes; that after the riot the negroes were louder than ever in their threats against the whites. No one in South Carolina justifies the killing of the negro prisoners, but, with the evidence before them, as we have briefly given it, the public must admit that the whites were acting in self-defence, in determining to disarm the negroes. The armed negroes were a standing danger to the whites, whom the law did not protect. They were forced to take such steps as were necessary for the protection of themselves and families.

Gov. Tilden's Income Tax.

[From the New York Sun.]

The Times asks to be shown "some good reason why the man who made the two following affirmations under oath should not be branded as a knave and a perjurer."

"*On Dec. 26, 1863, Mr. Tilden swore to an answer to the Tilden swore to a return, complaint in the Circuit under oath, in which he Court of the United States, said:— in the suit of the St. Louis.*

"'I hereby certify that *Alton and Terre Haute* the following is a true and *Railroad Co. against him*-faithful statement of the *self and others, which an*-gains, profits or income *swer was filed recently,* of Samuel J. Tilden of the *Mr.* Tilden *swore under* city of New York and *oath as follows*:—county of New York, State "'That for such services of New York, whether the defendant, Tilden, derived from any kind of made a charge of ten property, rents, interests, thousand dollars against dividends, salary, or from said second mortgage any profession, trade, em- bondholders, and the said ployment or vocation, or charges was paid by or from any other source on behalf of said second whatever, from 1st day mortgage bondholders on January to 31st day of the 17th of October, 1862; December, 1862, both days * * * that the defend- inclusive, and subject to ant, Tilden, for a part of an income tax under the his services aforesaid, al- Excise laws of the United so made a charge of the States. Income from all like sum of ten thousand sources, $7718.'" dollars on account of professional services rendered to the first mortgage bondholders and the receivers, which was paid to him by the said Azariah C. Flagg * * and which payment appears under date of Nov. 7, 1862, in a statement annexed to the first report aforesaid, as having been receipted for by the said Tilden, "on account of professional services."'

We are happy to oblige the Times so easily. We have merely had to procure and read the document from which it quotes. Indeed, it would have been enough to read the earlier part of the very sentence which it quotes, in the right hand column, above. The whole sentence will give the Times plenty of "good reasons" for not branding Gov. Tilden "a knave and a perjurer."

Here is the part of the sentence which the Times unfortunately skipped—

"And they further say, touching the statements in said bill of complaint as to the services of the defendant, Samuel J. Tilden, that he had long prior to and at the time of the commencement of the foreclosure suit in said bill of complaint mentioned, been the counsel for the second mortgage bondholders, in whose behalf such suit was instituted, and that he was counsel also for the trustees of said second mortgage boadholders, and had been from some time in the year 1857, to whom the railroads of the Terra Haute, Alton & St. Louis Railroad Company were surrendered, and who were subsequently made receivers thereof; and was also the counsel for said receivers, and that he also acted as the principal counsel for the said first mortgage bondholders, in relation to the foreclosure proceedings hereinbefore mentioned, and other proceedings connected therewith, and that such services had commenced prior to the year 1859, and were rendered, from time to time, during a period of upwards of three years thereafter."

If the Times in its enthusiasm had thus only begun a few lines earlier in its reading of the Terra Haute law suit paper, from which it quotes, it would not have confounded a year's receipts with a year's taxable income. Nor would the Times then have suppressed the fact that the payment of these $26,000 was on account of professional services rendured during a long series of years prior to the first imposition of an income tax, and during a part only of the first year of the existence of the income tax.

Did the learned proprietor of the Times compute, in his own payment of income tax for 1862, his earnings for the previous years of 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860 and 1861?

The Times also implies that Mr. Tilden received during the year 1862, and as a part of the income of that year, $33,000 of bonds which he did not include in his return. We say implies that. It assumes that. It discusses the subject on that assumption, makes charges on that assumption, though it shrinks from making a specific and definite statement of what it assumes.

Now, on analyzing the documents on which it founds its charges, we find that the report of the company referred to in the bill of complaint, and expressing the opinion that a surplus of bonds may exist at some future time, which alleged surplus is now in controversy, was itself dated in 1864. This is two years after the income return which the Times impeaches.

Not only that; in the report of the Committee of Directors published in the Times the other day, Aug. 19, it is specifically stated that the bonds in question remained in the hands of Mr. Robert Bayard up to March 14, 1870. This is eight years after the period when a portion of them ought to be accounted for as income, on the assumption that they were divided.

Nor does it appear that they ever were, in fact, up to this time, actually disposed of, or that they ever have been in a situation to form a part of anybody's income.

The very documents which the Times quotes and relies upon thus dispose of all the specific charges of the Times, dispose of everything that has the appearance of proof or the semblance of probability.

The Maine State Fair.

PORTLAND, Me, Aug. 27. To-morrow the Maine State Agricultural Society celebrates its majority, for on this occasion it will hold its 21st annual fair on the Presumpscot Park grounds in Deering. The society was incorporated April 4th, 1855, and has gone on increasing in strength and usefulness, so that at the present time it may be said not only to be doing a good work in the State, but in calling, to a greater extent than ever before, the attention of its older sisters. The officers, at present, are Hon. Rufus Prince of Turner, president; Hon. Samuel Wasson, East Surrey, secretary; W. P. Hubbard, Bangor, treasurer; Dr. S H. Tewksbury, Portland, and General W. S. Tilton, Togus, trustees at large; B. F. Hamilton, Biddeford, Major Seward Dill, Phillips, Hon. Warren Percival, Vassalboro, W. P. Wingate, Bangor, and Frank Buck, Orland trustees for the congressional districts. Last year the society decided to hold the State fair, for the ensuing three years, at Presumpscot Park, Deering. The Pomological and Horticultural societies, the Stock Breeder's Association and Maine Dairymen's Association, all united with the State fair on that occasion, and the finest exhibition was given that Maine has witnessed. But the receipts were less than the expenditures. This year it was decided to hold the fair earlier than usual and only the Stockbreeder's Association voted to co-operate. It is rather early for a fine exhibition of fruits, and some think it too early to hold the fair on every account, while there are many who are of the opinion that the prospect of fair weather counterbalances everything else. The Presumpscot Park grounds are all that can be desired. They embrace 30 acres, have numerous buildings for the cattle and horses, a large two-storied structure for the exhibition of carriages and farm implements, the moist places have been well drained, and there is an abundance of water of the purest quality handy. Waste places have been sown to grass, and the track is one of the best in the country.

The Charleston Journal of Commerce, after an elaborate review of Mr. Tilden's great crusade of reform, concludes with this exhibit:

This plain statement of facts which cannot be disputed, and which could be fortified by countless details, if it were necessary, shows:

I. That Mr. Tilden began the attack on the Tweed Ring.

II. That he began the attack when the Ring was at the height of its power and was in complete control of every branch of the city and State governments.

III. That, while enjoying one of the largest and most lucrative legal practices in the country, he gave up sixteen months of his time to the work of destroying this powerful combination.

IV. That he finally succeeded in turning 40,000 Democratic voters against it and overthrew it.

V. That his personal investigations furnished almost every item of legal proof on which the suits against Tweed and his guilty confederates were founded, and that he arranged the machinery by which these suits were brought.

VI. That he drove Tammany judges from the bench and perfected legislation by which official plunders might be punished.

The Argus says that an Indian attempted to get on the in train on the Maine Central at Morrill's Corner, but he missed his hold on the railing and fell between the depot platform and cars, striking his head on one of the boxes and throwing his body on the track. The wheels of the car struck the back of his head, but fortunately instead of passing over and crushing it, pushed it off the rail, so that the man escaped with several deep cuts.

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employment as in the highest.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
—BY—
WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. In advance, $2.00 a year; within the year, $2.50; at the expiration of the year, $3.00.

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OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Thomas A. Hendricks,

OF INDIANA.

FOR GOVERNOR,

JOHN C. TALBOT,

OF EAST MACHIAS.

For Electors of President and Vice-President:
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CHARLES W. ROBERTS.
1st Dist.—BION BRADBURY.
2d Dist.—GALEN C. MOSES.
3d Dist.—J. C. MANSON.
4th Dist.—HASTINGS STRICKLAND.
5th Dist.—JAMES R. TALBOT.

For Representatives to Congress.

1st Dist.—JOHN M. GOODWIN.
2d Dist.—S. C. BELCHER.
3d Dist.—ISAAC REED, (short term.)
E. K. O'BRIEN, (long term.)
4th Dist.—JOHN P. DONWORTH.
5th Dist.—WILLIAM H. McLELLAN.

Waldo County.

Senators—GEORGE WHITE.
HANSON T. GOVE.
Sheriff—WILLIAM E. COOPER.
Judge of Probate—JASON ESTES.
Reg. of Probate—A. A. FLETCHER.
Co. Commissioner—GOODING GRANT.
Co. Treasurer—RICHARD H. MOODY.
Clerk of Coarts—W. C. SMALL.

Hancock County.

Senators—GEO. TOLMAN.
GEO. REED.
Co. Attorney—JOHN B. REDMAN.
Co. Treasurer—W. W. A. HEATH.
Judge of Probate—HARVEY D. HADLOCK.
Co. Commissioners—RICHARD H. CONDON.
R. G. W. DODGE.
Reg. of Probate—JAMES A. McGOWN.

Washington County.

Senators—JAMES R. TALBOT.
GILES M. WENTWORTH.
Sheriff—WARREN HATHAWAY.
Treasurer—RUFUS E. CRANE.
Co. Attorney—ARCHIBALD McNICHOL.
Judge of Probate—EPHRAIM K. SMART.
Reg. of Probate—PRESCOTT LAWRENCE.
Co. Commissioner—MELBOURNE H. WILLEY.

Penobscot County.

Senators—HENRY W. TOWLE.
WILLIAM T. PEARSON.
ALBION H. LINDSEY.
HARVEY S. WILSON.
Sheriff—FRANCIS W. HILL.
Clerk of Courts—GEORGE E. SEWALL.
Judge of Probate—GEORGE W. WHITNEY.
Treasurer—LEMUEL NASH.
County Attorney—PEREGRINE G. WHITE.
Commissioner—REUBEN S. PRESCOTT.

Knox County.

Senator—ALFRED WATTS.
Sheriff—JOHN F. TORREY.
Judge of Probate—JOHN T. LAVENSALER.
Reg. of Probate—S. M. YEAZIE.
Clerk of Courts—EDWIN ROSE.
Treasurer—I. E. SHERMAN.
Commissioner—A. H. WENTWORTH.

Lincoln County.

Senator—ALFRED LENNOX.
Judge of Probate—S. W. JACKSON.
Sheriff—JAMES MULLIGAN
Co. Attorney—DENNIS A. MEAHER.
Co. Commissioner—CHARLES M. DAVIS.
Treasurer—ALBERT W. HALL.

The Humbug of the Bloody Shirt.

The curtain has gone up, and by the quality of the campaign that is being urged in this state, we may see what it is to be in the whole north. The issue is to be again a sectional one—a campaign of hatred against the south—a revival of the dead animosities that should have been buried finally and forever in the last ditch of the war. It is a manner of conducting political campaigns, which is not only unpatriotic but mean and cowardly. More than that, it is false, having no reality upon which to stand. The whites of the south very well understand that with peace must come their only chance of prosperity. To engage in riot and outrage would be to invite ravage and ruin to their doors. Material prosperity, which they so much need, they well understand can come only from the union of tranquility and industry.

And tranquility has reigned in the south. With the exception of the riotous affray at Hamburg, in South Carolina, there have been no outbreaks between the races for a long time—and the Hamburg affair has been grossly distorted for party effect, as will be seen by the account which we publish to-day. In all the other states, under Democratic local rule, peace and prosperity reign. Mississippi, having got rid of her carpet bag Governor from Maine, is tranquil. Louisiana keeps the peace and raises sugar and cotton. The cotton factories of Georgia are running full, while those of Maine are idle. Florida is developing her resources and attracting Northern people. Texas is peaceful, save the Mexican border forays. Tennessee has had enough of war, and is engaged in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. There is literally nothing for the outrage mill to grind into grists.

It is true that Alabama having recently gone Democratic by a large majority, in the intention to share the advantages of peace and tranquility, the cry goes out that there was intimidation and fraud in the election. But it chances that the Cincinnati Commercial, a Republican paper, sent a reporter to Alabama, with instructions to report faithfully the style of the campaign. That correspondent is a well-known gentleman, H. N. Redfield. He saw just how the canvass was conducted and the State carried, so, despite his partisan prejudices, he proclaims that everything was open, fair and honest, and that the State was carried by the Democrats, simply because the Democrats have an undoubted majority of forty or fifty thousand. Now Redfield's discovery is valuable in its way, but it is far from welcome to the party his paper is supporting, and they receive the announcement of his disagreeable discoveries with anything else but pleasure. Coming right on the heels of Spencer's demand for a Senate committee of investigation, nothing could be more inopportune and damaging than the letters he is sending up from Alabama. He positively denies that there was any disturbance in the State on election day, the nearest approach to it being when a black man stepped on a white man's foot. If the incident had been the other way it would have been a heinous outrage which nothing less than the immediate occupation of the State by a regiment of blue coats would have avenged, but as it was a white man who was stepped on the troops were not called out. Redfield says plainly—

The Democratic majority of forty thousand cannot be accounted for upon the hypothesis of fraud, violence and intimidation. That the canvass was quiet, also the election, and neither disturbed by riots or outbreaks, is proof that we must look further to account for the large Democratic majority. Alabama is Democratic upon a full fair vote, for the whites outnumber the blacks forty-six thousand, and there are as many blacks who vote with the whites as there are whites who vote with the blacks. Race lines are party lines, with such trifling exceptions as to be hardly worth enumeration. This has been true since the passage of the civil-rights bill, which lost the Republicans from eight to ten thousand white votes in North Alabama, and gave the State to the Democracy.

That is not the most unpleasant thing he has to say, though, and other things he tells must ring in the ears of the Republican leaders of the North very much like their death knell. He has sense enough to see and honesty enough to admit that the reign of intimidation in the South is over. So far as Alabama is concerned, he says that "the truth of the business is the whites have now complete control of the State and they will retain it. Nothing short of the power of the federal government can oust them, *and then they will remain ousted but a short time.*"

The reports of so-called outrages are in almost every instance frauds, gotten up for party effect. Upon investigation they utterly vanish. For instance, there is the case of Frances Thompson, of Memphis, the negress who appeared in Washburn's report as "the victim of sixteen successive ravishments" by white ruffians in that city, which negress turned out to be a negro man keeping a disorderly house in woman's attire; the case of Senator Twitchell, of Louisiana, who was represented to be the victim of the White Liners of the south, but who was afterwards declared, by the unanimous report of a congressional investigating committee, to be a political dead-beat, who had brought down upon himself the vengeance of a fellow republican, by whom he was undoubtedly shot; the case of United States Marshal Perrin, of Alabama, who was discovered to have shot his own coat full of bullet-holes, in order to prove his narrow escape from democratic assassins; the case of large numbers of men who were reported to be murdered because they were republicans, but who were afterwards found by the Alabama investigating committee to be in the best of health. These examples should be sufficient to warn an ordinarily reasonable person from placing much credence in the bloody, heartrending tales which the radicals are now so industriously concocting and circulating for party purposes. The report of the majority of the committee on Mississippi affairs, made by Mr. Boutwell, which represents the lives and liberties of white and black republicans in that state to be in continual jeopardy, and which recommends the reduction of the state to the condition of a territory, has been proven to be utterly unreliable by Senator Bayard, who made a minority report on the subject, and who asserts that none of the testimony taken before the committee in a legally admissable manner would justify the majority in making such a report as they did. To show upon what a fragile foundation the majority report stands, it is only necessary to give an extract from the cross-examination by Mr. Bayard of one of the witnesses, a woman—

Q. Did you ever take an oath before? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know the meaning of an oath? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you know what the consequences are of swearing falsely? A. No, sir.

Upon such testimony as this, and upon unfounded reports, to which some of the committee lent a too willing ear because of their partisan zeal, a few grave senators come before the nation and solemnly annouce that the state of Mississippi is in need of a republican form of government.

The hitherto discordant administration at Washington is turning its attention to the sweet influences of harmony. It has sent into Maine a sort of director general of melody, one Nicholson, whose duty seems to be to attune the brethren to the praise of radicalism. He has his pocket full of symphonies, solos, duets, psalms, hymns, ballads and chants. This musical emanation, as soon as he strikes a favorable spot, begins to inquire into the condition of party psalmody and rhythmical Republicanism. If it is low; he at once summons all of the faithful who understand the scale and gamut, gathers in all the harmonious harpers, the fiddlers, flutters and fifers, tells them they must "jine in" and help to warble Hayes into the White House. On Friday evening, he taught the Hayes and Wheeler club that John Brown's soul is marching on, and sundry kindred anthems. On Saturday this apostle of song appeared at Hayford Hall, but his lyre was so eclipsed by Ingersoll, that it seemed insignificant.

It is evident that the administration has founded a new professorship at the capital, for the purpose of spreading its political gospel by the force of sound without sense. Whether it is endowed by funds derived from the whiskey frauds, Belknap's Indian ring, the Freedman's Bank steal, or some other source, can only be conjectured. Suffice it to say that Nicholson is here, and the brethren are being drilled in one—two—three—sing!

A most remarkable phenomenon occured during the firing of the salute at the depot grounds Saturday, when the train containing Senator Blaine, Gov Connor, and Honest God Ingersoll, rolled into the station. On the discharge of the first cannon, three beautiful rings of smoke were seen to curl up from the muzzle of the gun, rise high in the air and float toward the distinguished party. The interpretation of these remarkable rings are that they were symbolical of the whiskey and other rings from which the Republican party largely derives it funds to keep up these shows. The accompanying odor of sulphur was suggestive of that hell which Ingersoll may yet be compelled to believe in.

President Grant has contributed $1000 toward the corruption fund to buy up voters in Maine and elsewhere. Some of the party managers are calling him mean because he didn't give more.

A Queer Team—a Governor, a Senator, and an Infidel Ranter.

It becomes our duty as a faithful chronicler of local events, to say something concerning the radical gathering of last Saturday, its progress, events and termination. This duty becomes the more imperative from a fear that our cotemporary of the Age may have a little bias in the matter.

To begin at the beginning, then, it is surmised that Blaine, with his forecasting glances about the State, decided that a spontaneous uprisng of the people was needed in Waldo county—a demonstration of the working people in favor of a third term of Grantism under the name of Hayes, so that they might continue to realize the plentiful lack of employment which they are now having. How much this general order had to do with Capt. Boardman's recent circular to postmasters, we can't say, but doubtless something—for public halls, posters, brass bands and that kind of euthusiasm, is an expensive article. It is safe to presume, therefore, that the postmasters shelled out.

The train that bore the distinguished party was waited for at the station by one six pound cannon, a brass band, a two horse carriage, a state committee man, a county committee man, and a sort of improvised and fragmentary Hayes and Wheeler Club. It occurred to us that the reception was rather stinted and contracted, when it might as well have been broad and generous, and in proportion to the magnitude of the occasion. If the Captain had only assessed the country postmasters $15 apiece, instead of the beggarly $6.50, there might have been two cannons, a four horse carriage, and a duplication generally—resulting of course in a doubling up of the spontaneous enthusiasm of the occasion. As money makes that particular mare go, it might as well have made her go twice as fast and far, by striking a gait that had more fun in it.

The gun that saluted the approaching train appeared to be well served—as it made a good deal of noise, and nobody's arms were blown off. It seemed proper enough to salute Gov. Connor, who was on the train, and by a stretch of etiquette, perhaps Senator Blaine—but what had Ingersoll to do with "seeking reputation in the cannon's mouth," unless it might be to exchange it for his already terribly bad one in matters of piety and veracity? When the guests were in the carriage, the raw recruits of the Hayes &c. Club were brought into a line ahead thereof, as an escort, and in the form of a procession crawled slowly up the hill, to the music of the band. The procession seemed to adjust itself like a mariner's telescope, drawing out to a laughable thinness, and then closing up to an amusing brevity. However, it arrived at the American House, and delivered the party safely.

The speaking was expected to begin at about two o'clock in the afternoon. About that time the band took its station near the hall door, and played briskly some patriotic airs. We calculate that these professors of harmony, in course of the day, blew through their brazen instruments an entire year's salary of a country postmaster in getting together the throng. The ladies came in crowds, while the men were scattering. In pondering why this was thus, the feminine love of music came in as reason No. 1. Then there was the pale and interesting young Governor, with his shattering wound—and the ladies adore heroism. Blaine was also there, the man of repute as an intellectual gladiator, and the leader who just missed the Cincinnati nomination. Female curiosity, like slander and death, loves a shining mark. But what attracted them to the low clown and buffoon, Ingersoll, who reviles alike Deity and decency? It is hard to tell. There is something in the female mind that loves to contemplate, at some distance, the personal abode of wickedness—to go perilously near to the haunts of Satan, but able at any time to draw back. They like to know how he looks. These were the probable reasons which sufficed to fill the hall with one-third men and two thirds women. There was certainly a very small proportion of voting material present.

Then the band used up some more postmaster's salaries, within the hall. Collector Marshall called the ladies to order, and moved Seth L. Milliken for President. He introduced Gov. Connor, who spoke in a dignified and calm manner for fifteen minutes, discussing the general issues of the campaign. Then came on the stage Nicholson, the great master of harmony, and administration song writer from Washington. Nick tuned his pipe to some song of the John Brown order. Then the band played out another postmaster's assessment.

The next thing in order was the introduction of Ingersoll, the insulter of religion, and reviler of sacred things. He is physically a Daniel Lambert sort of a man, heavy, fleshy and rotund, with a face correctly indexing a greater regard for dinner than Deity, and a mouth with an immense capacity for stowage. Ingersoll is bald-headed—one of those polished, shining ostrich eggs, with a band of hair at the base of the skull. This billiard ball he caressed and fondled a good deal, and at every allusion to mind or intellect, would hit the top of his head a slap, which sounded like a blow on the shaven buttock of a market hog. The speech itself was low buffoonery and abuse, unrelieved by a single argument in rhyme or reason. A circus clown would have been just as effective, and raised the same laughs from the unthinking. It had no effect, save to make Democrats indignant, and many Republicans disgusted. Such exhibitions will do the Democratic cause no harm.

Blaine followed, and spoke an hour or more. His speech was better considered, more gentlemanly, and therefore more likely to be effective. There was something of the bloody shirt in it, a good deal of arraignment of the Democratic party, and a review of the proceedings of the House of Representatives. He thought that body had terribly abused the power of the majority.

Then the meeting rather quietly closed, the ladies went home with their curiosity satisfied, and the speakers went to tea. At 8 o'clock a special train, bearing the party, steamed up the line to the junction to meet the night train, and the affair was over. Who believes that the mind of one voter was changed, from morning to midnight?

The Bangor Whig says that Hon. F. A. Pike has declared for Hayes and Wheeler, and presided at a Republican meeting in Calais on Tuesday. We shouldn't wonder. Frederick was never fully cured of radicalism. The disorder lingered, and he was liable to the relapse which has overtaken him.

Blaine on the Stump.

The burden of ex-Speaker Blaine's speeches thus far has been "the ex-Confederate House." This is intended as a term of reproach, and is applied to that branch of the Government controlled by Democrats with a view to blinding the public to the reform it has inaugurated, to the retrenchment it has carried out, despite the opposition of a Republican Senate, and to the exposure it has made of corruption in high places. Those who read or listen to Mr. Blaine's harangues will perhaps be surprised to learn that no longer ago than the last session of the Forty-third Congress he was courting the favor of the very men he now covers with unmerited abuse; that he held aloof then from the extremists of his party; and that his friends claimed for him that it was through the assistance he gave the Democratic minority—while in the Speaker's chair that the infamous force bill was defeated. Then Mr. Blaine wished it to be understood that he was "out" with Grant and that he did not sympathize with the carpet baggers, or with their allies in the Senate and House. To come to a thorough understanding as to his position then, it should be added that it was industriously whispered about Washington that the Democrats might do worse than take Blaine for their Presidential candidate. But when it became evident that the Democracy could not and would not go outside of their own party, Blaine began to wish for the Republican nomination and emulated Morton in shaking the bloody shirt. He is still shaking it. Whether he would have been so bitter on the Democratic House if it had not explored the transactions in railroad stocks, must be left to conjecture.

Straws.

An ingenious gentleman at Ellsworth, who is either a prophet or the son of a prophet, has worked out the Presidential problem in a way as curious as it is satisfactory. He numbers the letters of the alphabet, A being 1, B 2, and so on to Z, which is 26. Then see how many the combined numbers of the letters in the candidates names will make. This rule, applied to the election of 1872, gives its exact result, thus—

U. S. GRANT,
21 19 7 18 1 14 20—in all, 100
H. WILSON,
8 23 9 12 19 15 14—in all, 100 — 200

H. GREELEY,
8 7 18 6 2 12 2 25—in all, 85
B. G. BROWN,
2 7 2 18 16 23 14—in all, 81 — 166

Total electoral vote, 366

Now projecting this rule into the future, we find that the alphabetical fate gives victory to Uncle Samuel as follows—

S. TILDEN,
19 20 9 12 4 5 14—in all, 83
T. HENDRICKS,
20 8 5 14 4 18 9 3 14 19—in all 111 — 194

R. HAYES,
18 8 1 25 5 19—in all, 76
W. WHEELER,
23 23 8 5 5 12 5 18—in all, 99 — 175

Total electoral vote, 369

This is good, very good. We'll accept the omen, and hurray for Uncle Samuel.

The Calais Times of a recent date, speaking of the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Fifth District, and of this paper in connection therewith, says—

The peculiar editoral course of the Journal in the matter was partly due, it is said, to the fact that Mr. Simpson desired the nomination himself when it went into Waldo County.

"It is said" is very poor authority for any statement, and has been the anonymous source of a great deal that is foolish and false, to which the above extract from the Times is no exception. The editor of this paper did not desire the nomination. He never said or intimated to any one that he desired it. On the contrary, he declared verbally to hundreds, and by letter to scores who broached the subject, that under no circumstances would he accept it. When it is in order to discuss "peculiar editorial courses," something may be said regarding the Times, which hasn't yet found out which candidate for Congress it favors, but is apparently in terrible travail with some conception which may never see the light. We shall all be curious to know what name the child will bear, if it ever shall be born.

The real question on which this Presidential election is to turn is whether official honesty and administrative reform be more important than the protection of negro rights in the South. If the country regards the negro question as paramount it will elect Hayes; if it regards the reform question as paramount it will elect Tilden. [New York Herald.

The Herald does not state the issues altogether fairly. Gov. Tilden has promised to protect all citizens in their rights, if elected; and he will do it, too. Now if we accept the statements of the Republican leaders and newspapers, the negroes are not at this time so protected. This is tantamount to an admission that reconstruction has been a failure; that nothing has been gained by keeping the South under bayonet rule; and that Grant during his two terms in the Presidential chair, with the army at his back, has not succeeded in securing to the negro his rights under the law. Now why should Hayes be expected to accomplish that in which Grant has failed? The Herald concedes that "official honesty and administrative reform" cannot be had if Hayes is elected. The truth of the matter is simply this, that the election of Hayes would be the perpetuation of Grantism—only that and nothing more.

We are rejoiced that the Democratic State Committee are taking action to prevent the corrupt use of money at the coming state election. It is well known that a large corruption fund has been raised by the Republicans for use in Maine, and that they rely upon it to increase their vote in the state. A law of Congress, designed for the south, but of application every where, provides summary punishment for all forms of hindrance, intimidation or bribery of voters at elections where Congressmen are to be chosen. We publish the law elsewhere, and the State Committee's proclamation. Let our friends be on the lookout for offenders.

There was a rousing anti-Powers meeting at Bangor on Tuesday evening, filling the City Hall to overflowing. It was conducted entirely by Republican bolters from Powers, who support Mr. Oak. Speeches were made by M. H. Angell, Charles P. Brown, John B. Foster, A. G. Wakefield. There is a hard look ahead for Powers.

A Tilden and Hendricks club was organized in Bangor on Saturday, with ex-mayor Laughton as President, and F. H. Taylor, Secretary. Speeches were made by Gen. Roberts, Marcellus Emery and others.

The reunion of the Methodist church of the United States is full of significance to those who observe the course of events. Thirty years ago there was a schism, growing out of the slavery question. The northern Methodists had long looked with disfavor upon slavery, and conscientiously believed that they should not endure church relations with those who held men in perpetual bondage. The southern Methodists, appealing to the Bible and the practices of the fathers, justified themselves in giving the benefits and blessings of the gospel alike to master and slave. The result was the separation of that religious body into the Methodist church North and South, peacefully, and with a fair division of property.

The reunion of the churches, which has been some time in progress, and may now be regarded as a certainty, is an event of the greatest significance, not only to all Christians, but to all patriots. The dissolution of this great and powerful church preceded but a few years the separation of the government and the civil war. Now that the war is over and slavery no longer exists, civil reunion is followed by a healing of the breach in the church, and a re-establishment of all the relations of fraternity. It is a very hopeful sign that bitterness is wearing out, and that we shall soon be, in spirit and feeling, once more a united people.

The Kennebec Journal is getting things badly mixed. It insists that the infidel Ingersoll is a good Republican and entitled to consideration as such, even though he does revile God and the Bible. But we notice that Wheeler, the candidate for Vice-President, made a speech at St Albans, Vermont, on the 25th, in which he declared as follows—

Freedom, THE CHURCH, the school-house, the town-house, these, my friends, form the very cardinal principles of the Republican party.

Will the Journal please arise and explain which is right? The pious Wheeler, proclaiming that the church is a principle of Republicanism?—or the Kennebec Journal insisting that it is no disparagement to a teacher of Republican doctrine that he is a public blasphemer, and a ribald contemner of all Christianity and religion? The Kennebec sage has the floor.

The very proper Belfast Journal is shocked that the Republican managers have requested many Republicans throughout the State including postmasters, to contribute to the funds necessary to circulate documents, pay for speakers and other proper campaign purposes. The fact is, we haven't Reformer Tilden's "barrel of money" and are obliged to pass round the hat among the brethren. [Portland Press.

Not exactly. There's nothing recent that has really shocked us except Bob Ingersoll's

News of the City and County.

Dog-days end next Tuesday.

They've come. Yes, pumpkin pies are here.

Does your well hold out in these dry times?

Main street is being coated with beach gravel.

Forest fires are very prevalent about the county now.

The schr. S. J. Gilmore is receiving a new deck at Lane's wharf.

The late Hollis M. A. Poor had $2,000 insurance on his life.

The shortening days and cool winds have in them a touch of autumn.

Rain is very much needed just now. Cant some one start a horse trot?

The fruit season is at its height, and everybody has soothing medicine handy.

The spicy muskmelon has appeared—suggestive of accompanying wine and sugar.

Sugar has taken a notion to rise, just as housekeepers want to make their preserves.

There is no truth in the rumor that the Wesleyan Camp Ground, in Northport, has been sold.

Dr. J. M. Fletcher has removed his office from Main street to his residence on Church street.

There is need of a pretty good man for Clerk of the Courts—still the candidates are Small Frye.

Rock salt administered from a gun barrel is a sovereign remedy for curing apple thieves. One dose suffices.

Annabelle Hayes, a young miss, fell from a plank playing at see-saw, one day last week, and broke her wrist.

There will be a lecture at the North Church next Sabbath evening by the Pastor. Subject—"Our Centennial year."

The porgies have nearly all left the bay for the westward. Mr. Alonzo Friend seined about 200 barrels last week.

Ellis & Ginn have taken a five years' lease of the store adjoining our office, and are putting a cellar under the building.

While in this city last week, Gov. Connor and lady were the guests of Col. Hersey, who holds a position on the Governor's staff.

The Ellsworth American has a good word for Miss Flora A. Burgess, a Belfast young lady, who has been teaching school at Lamoine.

Rev. Mr. Goodenough has returned, and services will be resumed at the Universalist church next Sabbath, at the usual morning hour.

Dr. Pendleton has sent 178 specimens of his Indian relics to the Centennial State Fair which opens at Portland, on Tuesday, Aug. 29th.

Sch. Welaka, Capt. Perkins, arrived on Thursday last, direct from Limerick, Ireland. She came in ballast and was 37 days on the passage.

The school agent reports that city schools are crowded with pupils, and that among our most immediate wants are larger school houses.

A coal loaded team driven by N. S. Piper, in crossing the lower bridge on Tuesday broke through the covering and spilled the load into the river.

Dr. J. M. Fletcher has bought the old Haraden homestead on Church street, adjoining the Savings Bank. The Doctor now resides on the premises.

John F. Stevens, of Bangor, will deliver a temperance lecture at Hayford Hall, at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, under the auspices of the Belfast Reform Club.

The editor of the Age is absent, but there is no truth in the report that he is attending the Fat Men's Convention. It is the Centennial that has beguiled him.

A resident on Northport avenue thinks, in view of the number of graceless fellows who passed over that thoroughfare last week, that it should be called scamp-necting.

There is always some peculiar feature about vessels of the same locality that distinguishes them from others. A Belfast coaster is known by having her masts spliced.

The remains of the late Hollis M. A. Poor arrived Thursday evening of last week, and were buried on Friday with Masonic honors by Phenix Lodge, of which he was a member.

Capt. Ed. McDonald, late of sch. Prescott Hazeltine, has gone to Brunswick, Ga., to take command of sch. Edward Johnson, the commander of which, Capt. Fred Bean, recently died.

The postoffice in Winterport was entered on Thursday night by a burglar. He succeeded in securing about fifteen dollars worth of coppers, small change and stamps from the money drawer.

The steamer Pioneer did a brisk business camp-meeting week, especially on Thursday, taking nearly $500 in passenger money on that day. She seems to be winning back her old popularity.

The three masted sch. Hattie McG. Buck, is discharging 60,000 feet of hard pine at Cottrell's shipyard. The cargo is from Buckaville, S. C. The remainder will be discharged at Searsport.

Mathew Welch was on Thursday evening of last week, elected 2d Lieutenant of the Belfast military company, in place of A. D. French resigned. The company is to have new belts and plumes.

The next morning after Ingersoll spoke in this city, the Republican flag was wound in a mass around the rope, not a star or name visible—acting as though it was much ashamed of itself. No wonder.

The fall term of the city schools commenced on Monday last. The teachers are the same as last year, with the exception of the assistant at the First Grammar school Mr. Starrett, of Warren, succeeds Miss McDowell.

It is believed that Ingersoll, by his cheap talk on Saturday, made a number of Democratic votes. One disgusted Republican was heard to say, after listening to his tirade, that it was enough for him, and that he should in future vote with the Democrats.

Chandler Mahoney, of Northport, lost a valuable horse last Friday in a novel manner. The animal drew a post out of the ground to which it was hitched, and by some means got the post underneath it, the end of which penetrated the body, causing death.

A Hayes and Wheeler club was organized in this city last week, with Col. W. H. Fogler, President, and Frank Patterson, Secretary. They meet in the room over Sleeper's store on High street. A gas light is displayed from the outside, upon the lantern of which is the name of the club.

The fraternity that trade and dicker in horses have established an exchange near the North Church, where on public days they may be seen collected, examining the teeth of steeds, discussing age, pedigree, and qualities, and occasionally shifting the traded off animals from wagon to wagon. The neighbors don't appreciate the honor conferred on the location.

The house of Mrs. Wilkinson Pierce, on Congress street, was entered on Wednesday night of last week, and a large haul of miscellaneous goods made by the burglars. Among the articles taken were a pair of sea glasses, a lot of child's clothing belonging to Ben. Wells, embroidered clothing of Mrs. Pierce, &c. There is no clue to the burglars. A reward of $25 is offered.

FIRE. The house on South Miller street, near the muck, owned by John G. Brooks and occupied by Capt. John Foss, was entirely destroyed by fire Sunday at midnight. The fire department did all in their power to save the building, but the flames had made too much headway. Engine No. 2 played from the Muck pond. Most of the furniture was saved. Origin of the fire unknown. The house was insured for $950.

The house, ell and woodshed owned and occupied by Mr. Amos Lane of Prospect, were burned early Sunday morning. It appears that the house first took fire at midnight on the roof, which was extinguished and a watch kept till three o'clock, when everything was considered safe, they retired. At four o'clock it was again on fire and destroyed. Insured for $1500. The fire was supposed to have originated from sparks on the roof, and might have come from a forest fire near by.

THROWN FROM A MAST-HEAD. Mr. Alonzo Friend, of Brooklin, who for the past week has been seining porgies in the bay, was severely injured on Monday forenoon by being thrown from the mast-head of a porgy-boat. The boat is what is styled a Newport porgy-boat, with one mast about 45 feet in height. Mr. Friend was on the mast-head watching for the fish to school, being then in the bay below the monument. An unexpected squall struck the boat breaking the mast off in the step. The vibration of the mast threw Mr. Friend clear and he struck the water, face downward, with great violence, some twenty five feet ahead of the boat. The mast afterwards fell into the water. Mr. Friend was picked up and taken on shore where medical assistance was procured. He was badly bruised about the shoulders and face, but suffered most from internal injuries. He was taken home on Tuesday.

The Camp-meeting at Wesleyan Grove, Northport, closed on Saturday last. It has been a very successful session as regards attendance. About 10,000 people were present on Thursday, and the crowd all through the week was large. There were within the enclosure 278 canvas tents and 70 permanent cottages, making in all 348 habitations. The grounds have been improved during the year, two large wells dug, and the society is in excellent financial condition. Owing to the long continued drought there was a scarcity of drinking water, loads of which were hauled to the grounds and sold. It is thought with the new wells this difficulty will not be experienced again. The following are the society officers chosen for the ensuing year:—President, Reuben A. Rich, of Winterport; Secretary, Rev. Albert Church, of Orrington; Treasurer, Hon. Hiram Ruggles, of Carmel; Trustees, Hiram Ruggles, David Brown of Hampden, Horace Muzzy of Searsmont, Irvin Calderwood of Belfast, E. M. Tibbets of Dexter, Jonathan Burbank of Bangor, and S. Gould of Rockland.

Considerable ice has been sold the past week by our local dealers.

The sidewalk on Commercial street, between High and Union streets, is being widened and straightened—a much needed improvement.

The house owned and occupied by Alonzo Roberts, of Brooks, took fire Tuesday on the roof from a spark, and partially burned. Insured.

Congressman Hale was announced to speak in this city on Wednesday evening, but the Journal went to press too early to give any account of the meeting.

Attention is called to the notice "Rooms to let," by Fitz W. Gilbert, Belfast. Auction sale by Geo. E. Johnson. Caution by James M. Andrews, Albion.

A Frenchman who was formerly employed in Bickford's brickyard, reports that he was robbed on board steamer Cambridge on Tuesday night, by some one who took $22 from his clothing while he was asleep in the cabin.

The banana plant at the Belfast Savings Bank is one of prodigious growth. Recently it sent out in ten days a leaf that measured 43 inches in length and 15 inches in width, exclusive of stock. It grows two of these leaves per month.

Next Monday a new time table will go into effect on the Belfast Branch Road. The morning train will leave at 7:20, or twenty minutes earlier than heretofore. The afternoon train will leave at five minutes before 4, or fifteen minutes earlier than the present time.

The wife of our neighbor, William B. Swan, died on Monday, after a lingering and painful illness. Mrs. Swan was a lady of great amiability of character, a most devoted wife and mother, and one who will be greatly lamented by her friends, as well as missed in society. She was daughter of Capt. James Gammans.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that the citizens of Searsport have tendered a complimentary concert to Miss Abby R. Clark, on Tuesday evening next. Miss Clark has passed the summer in Searsport and has made hosts of friends, who wish to testify their appreciation of her kind services, which she has rendered them on many occasions. Miss Clark's talents as a singer need no praise; and we bespeak for her a full house, and hope our citizens will also help to make the concert a success by lending their presence on that occasion.

THE DENTISTS IN CONVENTION.

THEN the teeth of people are in good condition, and the nerves thereof serene and quiet, they are apt to smile at the patient labors of the dental profession. But when afflicted with that which Barns calls "the hell of all diseases"—ah, then how they rush for the premises of the professor of molars and cuspids, and implore for relief. Of the latter class, at least, they earn profound respect—as well as of all who reach the time when, as Solomon says "the grinders cease because they are few."

The Maine Dental Association commenced its annual session in Hayford Block, Belfast, on Tuesday evening the 29th, and ended Wednesday afternoon. They held semi-annual sessions in different parts of the State, the object being discussion and mutual benefit. The meeting was called to order by Dr. D. M. Merrill, of Thomaston, in the absence of the President, Dr. C. P. Sawyer, of Dexter. The evening session was devoted to the election of officers for the next term and to listening to a report from Dr. Thomas Fillebrown, representative to the American Dental Association. The following is the new organization—President, Dr. D. M. Merrill of Thomaston; Vice-President, Dr. G. P. Lombard, of Belfast; Secretary, Dr. G. W. Stoddard, Belfast; Treasurer, Dr. J. W. Curtis, Brunswick; Librarian, Dr. Thos. Fillebrown, of Portland; Executive Committee, Drs. J. F. Babcock, Bangor, J. H. Lombard, Brunswick, Henry Kimball, Portland, E. G. Briggs, Augusta, C. F. Malbon, Camden. Wednesday forenoon was devoted to informal discussion and the reading of a paper on the Practical Suggestions of Using Gas, by Dr. Roberts of Augusta. The association is not large, numbering between thirty and forty members. The next semi-annual session will be held in Augusta on the third Tuesday in February, and the annual session at Portland on the third Tuesday of August next.

ALONG THE WHARVES. An unusually large number of vessels are at the wharves and in port, and the docks have been quite busy of late. Among the arrivals for the past week are twelve large Belfast vessels—all built here within a few years—all from points at the South and Europe, a circumstance very remarkable. They are the three masted schrs. T. H. Livingston, Welaka, Charlie Buckl and Flora Condon, and the two masted schrs. J. G. Drew, A. Hayford, Mary, A. W. Ellis, Fannie & Edith, Nellie, J. W. Brown and the M. W. Drew. The ice shipments for the week are as follows—schr. J. G. Drew for Jacksonville, Fla., by C. B. Hazeltine; Eveline, for Palatka, Fla., by Pitcher & Gorham; schrs. M. W. Drew and T. H. Livingston for Jacksonville, by Woods, Mathews & Baker and Pitcher Bros. & Co. The hay freights are schr. Harmonia, for Deanisport, Long Island Sound; schr. James Bliss, Savannah, by Woods, Mathews & Baker and Pitcher & Son. The schr. James Holmes has loaded paving stones at the Point.

DEATH OF CAPT. FRED. BEAN. The family and friends of Mr. Joseph Bean have suffered a great affliction in the death of his son, Capt. Fred. Bean, which occurred suddenly at Branswick, Ga., on the 24th. He was in command of the three-masted sch. Edward Johnson, which was loaded for Rio Janeiro, and ready for sea. The first intimation of any illness which his friends received was a despatch on Thursday evening, announcing his death. It is supposed that he received a sunstroke. He was a young man of excellent qualities, and ranked high in his profession. The remains are on their way home.

P. S. Since the above was in type a letter has been received from the proprietor of the City Hotel at which Capt. Bean died. He was taken suddenly ill with congestion of the brain, and lived but three days, most of the time in an insensible condition. Though among strangers, his vessel being some miles away, he received every kindness and attention. Mr. Farlun, proprietor of the hotel writes a most feeling and sympathizing letter to Mr. Bean's relatives.

It is easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel than for a woman to drown a cat. It is most frequently attempted by throwing the animal overboard with a line and rock attached. But usually the line is so long that the rock reaches bottom before the cat is taken under, and she rides like a man-of-war at anchor: or the rock is so light that it is towed ashore; or the line is fastened about the cat's neck with a woman's knot and unfastens before reaching the water, when the cat swims safely ashore. This latter was the experience of two Union street women Tuesday evening. Just at night fall they were observed to approach Sanford's wharf bearing a basket between them. By their movements the most casual observer could have told what that basket contained, and their errand. Arriving at the wharf the basket was sat down and Thomas cat drown out. He appeared to be the least concerned of the crowd, knowing undoubtedly that a woman never yet succeeded in drowning a cat. A rock was procured and fastened, and the whole tenderly consigned to Davy Jones' locker. Of course the women ran away without learning the result of their work. The procession that filed up the hill a few minutes afterwards consisted of two women, discouraged and disgusted, and an awfully wet and demoralized Tom-cat. Thus it is ever when a woman seeks to destroy a cat.

THORNDIKE. The old Elias Chick house in Thorndike was recently burned. It was occupied by Wellington Shibles. The furniture was partly saved. Small insurance.

How Ingersoll Appeared.

An intelligent and cultivated gentleman, who listened to the Republican speeches on Saturday, sends us the following as expressive of his feelings—

On Saturday afternoon, at the Republican meeting, when "Colonel" Ingersoll of Illinois was introduced he pulled off one coat and put on another of lighter material, with the air of a prize-fighter about to enter the ring; the movement was applauded, for it seemed to preface an entertainment as lively as that given by a professional bruiser. The scene that followed was a pitiable one; there on the stage sat the young man who governs our State, the ex-Speaker of the House of U. S. Congress, and a collection of the "faithful" from this vicinity, all giving countenance and indorsement by their presence to the ravings of the foulest-mouthed blackguard who ever spoke upon a public platform. This Ingersoll's manners match his words; he has the bull dog style of bravado of a desperado from Red Gulch or Sandy Bar; his voice is harsh, hoarse and repulsive, and indicates the mental fibre of the man. Incapable of argument apparently, he made his speech merely a collection of base epithets and baseless calumnies, strung together without continuity or logical sequence. Screaming of "Liberty" he profanes the word, while he all the time desires to continue and perpetuate the tyranny of one part of our country over another. What grotesque affectation is this! What fanaticism! Yelling for free thought, he means the kind which left the Communists of France the license to murder ministers of God and destroy property under the bloody red flag. This Ingersoll is one of those whom Burke called with cutting irony, "the ablest architects of ruin." The Republican party must be in a desperate strait to hold their grasp on the money bags when they bring a Western desperado like this one to try to convert with his barbaric yawp the civilized gentlemen of the East. It is easy to understand that this Yahoo is the author of publications which in blasphemy make the writings of Thomas Payne seem as tame as milk and water beside a glass of Jersey forty-rod whiskey.

$100 REWARD!

Corruptionists Take Warning!

Whereas the Democratic State Committee are in possession of information that certain leaders in the republican party are intending to resort to an extensive system of bribery in the approaching election, and are making preparations to that end, we call public attention to the fact that the laws of the United States against this infamous crime apply to all elections where members of Congress are to be chosen, and that persons guilty of their violation *can be arraigned before United States Commissioners.*

[Revised Statutes of the United States, page 1073, chapter 7.]

Sec. 5506 Every person who, by any unlawful means, *hinders, delays, prevents* or *obstructs*, or combines and confederates with others to hinder, delay, prevent or obstruct any citizen from doing any act required to be done to qualify him to vote, or from voting at any election in any state, territory, district, municipality, or other territorial subdivision, shall be fined not less than FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, or be imprisoned not less than one month or more than ONE YEAR, or be punished by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 5507 Every person who *prevents hinders, controls* or *intimidates* another from exercising, or in exercising the right of suffrage, to whom that right is guaranteed by the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, by means of BRIBERY, or threats of depriving such persons of employment or occupation, or of ejecting such persons from a rented house, lands or other property, or by threats of refusing to renew leases or contracts for labor, or by threats of violence to himself or family, shall be punished as provided in the preceding section.

Thus the laws of the United States subject municipal officers to heavy penalties who OBSTRUCT THE REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

They reach the case of officers of cities and towns whose duty it is to prepare the LIST OF VOTERS.

1. *When* they leave off, or strike off the names of persons known to be voters.

2. *When* they refuse to be in session sufficient time to give the voters an opportunity to have their names entered upon the list.

3. *When*, by needless delays and frivolous pretenses, they consume the time of the sessions so that voters are excluded from an opportunity to have their names entered.

4. *When* they refuse to enter the name upon suitable evidence of right, or in any other manner debar the voter of his right, in violation of the statute.

By section 1982 is made the duty of the COMMISSIONERS appointed by the U. S. CIRCUIT COURTS to institute prosecutions for the violation of these provisions of the law.

They are to issue warrants, and the offenders will be brought before them to answer for the offence.

There are U. S. Commissioners in Maine who will enforce this law impartially.

We earnestly request city and town committees to promptly APPOINT efficient persons in every town and ward, to take measures to detect and prosecute all persons guilty of violating any of these provisions. We will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD in every instance for evidence sufficient to convict.

Per order of Dem. State Committee.

F. F. PILSBURY, Chairman.

AUGUSTA, Aug. 30th, 1876.

Kilpatrick's Letter.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, who came out for Greeley in 1872, has relapsed, and is now for Hayes. He has recently been in the employment of Morton, in mousing around Indiana. The other day he wrote a letter to Gov. Hayes, and in a moment of forgetfulness left it on the hotel table. Consequently it fell into Democratic hands, and got into print. Here it is—

GRAND HOTEL,
INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 21st, 1876.

Dear Sir—I have now finished a tour of six counties in Indiana, and feeling that any reliable information from this State will interest you, I write.

In the first place the canvass is well conducted, the people are enthusiastic and determined, and the old war spirit thoroughly aroused, and if it were not for one thing we could rest certain of victory in October. There is an independent party in this State, confined, it is true, to a few counties, but formidable, and it will defeat General Harrison. There is but one way to overcome this movement. The leaders of the independents are poor, needy and in debt. They must be lectured to; documents be placed in their hands that they may be convinced of their folly.

A bloody-shirt campaign with money, and Indiana is safe! A financial campaign and no money, and we are beaten.

The National Committee has done nothing for Indiana. Alone they are fighting this battle, and bravely; but unless the National Committee wakes up and does its duty to you, to the party and the country, defeat is certain in October.

I never, in all my life, felt so certain that I was doing my duty as in this contest, and my desire for success, my dear sir, is my only excuse for writing you. Your friend,

J. KILPATRICK.

To R. B. Hayes, Governor, &c.

Nice programme this! If the bloody shirt be shaken vigorously and men are bought up, the State can be saved. This lets a whole flood of light into the manner of operating all over the country.

Lincoln County on Hand.

DAMARISCOTTA, Aug. 25th.

Lincoln County Democratic Convention assembled this forenoon at Lincoln Hall. E W. Farley of Newcastle, was chosen president. Albert W. Hall, of Wiscasset, Secretary. The following nominations were made:

Senator—Alfred Lennox, Wiscasset.

Judge of Probate—S. W. Jackson, Waldoboro.

Sheriff—James Mulligan, Nobleboro.

Attorney—Dennis A. Meaher, Whitefield.

Commissioner—Charles M. Davis, Jefferson.

Treasurer—Albert W. Hall, Wiscasset.

In the afternoon the following gentlemen addressed the convention: E. K. O'Brien, Thomaston: Col. Isaac H. Wright, Massachusetts; Hon. Isaac Reed, Waldoboro; Alfred Lenox, Wiscasset; Dennis A. Meaher, Whitefield.

The Damariscotta band were in attendance. Previous to the assembling of the convention a Tilden and Hendricks flag was raised across Main street.

What the Democrats are Fighting For.

The issues upon us are not war issues, but peace issues. The practical questions all the time are—

1st. Better met in office.

2d. Honest and intelligent administration.

3d. The war is over.

4th. Official rogues must be punished.

5th. No military interference in elections.

6th. Less taxes and more economy.

7th. The earliest practical resumption of specie payments.

8th. Government salaries and pay to conform to salaries paid for competent like services out of public life.

9th. Less federal centralization and more respect for the rights of the people.

10th. Let the common schools alone.

11th. No federal interference with religious faith, sects or organizations.

12th. One term for the President, and a six year's service if the Constitution is amended.

This is substantially what the Democrats are fighting for, and their candidates, if elected, will insist upon these reforms. [N. Y. Express.

The Lincoln News, an independent newspaper published at Waldoboro, has the following just notice of the Democratic nominee for Blaine's unexpired term—

Hon. Isaac Reed was born in Waldoboro, where he has always resided and is sixty-five years of age. He has filled many positions of trust and honor in his native town, having served as moderator of its annual meetings for an unbroken succession of years. He represented the town in the Legislature six years and was in the Maine Senate four years, having received his last election unanimously. He was a member of the thirty-second Congress from this district and the Whig candidate for Governor in 1854 and 1855. He was Treasurer of the State in 1856. For seven years he was a trustee of the Maine Insane Hospital. He has always wielded a large political influence in his town and county. His business has been that of ship builder, in which he has acquired a competence.

The Grand Exposition is drawing well, financially. Fifty thousand people a day are now attending.

Letter from Bucksport.

Correspondence of the Journal.

The Democrats and Independents of Bucksport and Verona at their Caucus on Saturday, nominated J. Wesley Eldridge as their candidate for Representative to the Legislature. Mr. Eldridge is a farmer, and now holds the office Third Selectman. He is highly esteemed by the citizens generally.

The Republicans held their caucus on Saturday evening, and after nominating N. J. Hill, proceeded to his place business led by an individual who recently knocked down an inoffensive citizen because he dared to hold opinions that are not laid down by Blaine, Hale & Co. They gave three cheers for their nominee as the next Representative. This counting the chickens before they are hatched has always been considered a dangerous business. There is no knowing what may happen to some of the eggs. The individual who led the crowd, has trodden on some of them already. After the cheering, our Postmaster made a little speech eulogistic of the candidate, and alluded very feelingly to the fact that the nominee had given up an only son to the army. This remark caused a smile from the boys who were at the front. The son got back, however, and is at present engaged in holding the Custom House up. Only three doors away is the place of business of our First Selectman, a gentleman who has given three sons to the army; one of them laid down his life for the cause. And yet this same nominee has endeavored to cast ridicule upon Mr. Heywood, and opposed him at all times; but at each election Mr. Heywood has been elected by an increased majority. So much for the popularity of the nominee.

Conundrum: If four or five hundred copies of the N. Y. Times come by express is it proper to distribute them through the Post Office? Our Postmaster has stated to a number of Democrats and Independents that, whichever party won in this election we would get an honest man in the Presidential chair, and that he considered Mr. Tilden an honest man, and did not wish to see any slander or mud throwing in this campaign. Now this N. Y. Times contains more slander to the square inch than any paper published this side of that place that Bob Ingersoll don't take any stock in. Fair play, Mr. Postmaster, and no gouging. JUSTICE.

Generalities.

Potatoes are $6 a bushel at the Black Hills.

The first bale of Georgia cotton has appeared at Atlanta, and was sold at 14 cents a pound.

Georgia's forty cotton mills are said to pay good dividends, and Texas is building nine railroads.

Charles H. Adams, the well known hotel proprietor at Portland, died at Poland Springs, Sunday P. M., aged 55 years.

Let the Modern Diognes rest his lantern by the bier of Michael C. Kerr. Here was an honest man. [Utica Observer.

The Normal school at Castine is now the largest but one in New England. Last term there were registered 175 pupils.

In Portsmouth, Charles Glines, aged 14, was accidentally shot in the stomach by a companion playing with a pocket pistol and mortally wounded.

A little girl of a Mr. Bragdon of Easton, while out berrying last Saturday, was so injured by a falling tree that it resulted in her death the following day.

Soundings for the Channel tunnel to connect England and France will be finished by the end of August. The engineers report that the results are very satisfactory.

Pacific mail steamer Colon, that sailed from New York 20th for Aspinwall, returned on Saturday, having burst a boiler, which killed the chief engineer and one man.

The Molly Maguire prisoners, Munley, McGehan, Carroll, Roarity and Boyle, recently convicted of the murder of policeman Yost at Tamagua, have been sentenced to death.

Mr. Geo. Purington of Black Strap, near Portland, was badly gored by a bull one day last week while putting a ring in the animal's nose. It is doubtful whether he recovers.

A Maine clergyman recently omitted a prayer-meeting in order to give the infidel Ingersoll a chance to speak in his lecture-room. Piety is not so rigid as it used to be. [Boston Post.

The Portland Reform Club are making arrangements for the convention of reform clubs of the State, on the 5th and 6th of September, which promises to eclipse any ever before held.

The Journal says that the Industrial School for Girls at Hallowell is brim-full and running over. There are thirty girls at the institution and two or three are out on trial, liable to be returned.

The Whig says the potato business is becoming quite a traffic in Bangor and vicinity. The Katahdin took 1600 barrels from Bangor to Boston last Wednesday, and left a large number for the Cambridge.

In Bangor, on Monday, a carriage containing Mr. Geo. P. Spaulding and wife, of Brewer, was overturned by the runaway horses of a hack, and Mrs. Spaulding so badly injured that she died in a few minutes.

Babcock will be tried on the third Tuesday in September, on the indictment found against him as an accomplice in the safe burglary conspiracy. Emery Storrs, of Chicago, and Wm. A. Cook, of Washington, will be his counsel.

On Wednesday morning the 23d inst., a little son of Dexter Halen (toll-gather at the Warren toll bridge) fell from the bridge a distance of 20 feet, striking upon a piece of timber which so severely fractured the skull that little hope of recovery is entertained.

The New York Central, in view of the recent dastardly attempt by tramps to wreck a railroad train to St. Louis, has placed special police guards all along its line for its protection. Orders have been given to arrest all tramps found walking on its track.

A ten years' old son of Joseph Towne of Saco met with a shocking accident which will prove fatal. He was engaged with his father in removing a chimney, when it toppled over and buried him beneath the ruins. One leg was broken and his skull crushed in.

The shipments of fresh beef to England by steamers in refrigerators continue unexpectedly successful, the meat arriving in good condition, fresh and tender as if killed two days before. The English cattle merchants are amazed. The American beef was bought up at less than half the price charged for English beef.

The American says that on Friday, Mr. Geo. E. Saunders, a young man 23 years of age, while at work at the edger in the mill of Robert Gerry, at Ellsworth, was fatally injured by a sharp piece of a board three inches wide, flying from the saw, striking his leg and penetrating his thigh and groin to the depth of seven inches. It is supposed that he bled to death internally.

The "black fellows" in Australia are rapidly dying away. Trucanini, the last Tasmanian aboriginal, died a few months ago, and even in New Zealand, the far nobler Maori, who flourished during the centuries of cannibalism and internecine warfare, is disappearing under the mysterious influences of the white man's presence.

The first shipment of cattle through by rail direct from Chicago to Lewiston arrived in Lewiston on Tuesday by the Grand Trunk Railroad. They were about six days on the way, and the cost of forwarding was about $85 per car. The whole expense, including care and feeding, was about $10 per head. The cattle were taken out and fed and watered every twenty-four hours, and allowed once or twice a rest of twelve hours on the way. They shrank about sixty pounds a head, and came out in good condition.

McClellan's Views.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25. General George B. McClellan has written from Coburg, Canada, to a friend in this city, in which he gives his views on the political situation. He says he has the highest respect for the personal character and intelligence of the Republican candidate for the presidency, and believes him to be an upright gentleman, but thinks it quite impossible that he can change the organization and policy of his party. The leaders who control and shape its policy would be the same after his election as now, and it is idle to hope for any change in them or under them. In Mr. Tilden, says the General, I am confident that we have a candidate possessing all the requisites that the exigencies of the times demand. In a long career he has given the surest proofs of ability and integrity. It is a very easy thing to preach reform to an opponent, but a very different affair to carry it out in one's own party. This Mr. Tilden has had the rare courage and ability to do. Against great obstacles, he commenced and carried through the herculean task of fighting corruption and pursuing the plunderers in his own party, and it is almost superfluous to say that the courage, energy, untiring perseverance and acumen he displayed in three memorable contests prove that he possesses in a most eminent degree the qualities so much needed in our Chief Magistrate in the present crisis of our affairs. In regard to all questions of finance and reform, we have the sure criterion of his past to enable us to form positive convictions as to his future. In his hands may be safely left the task of awarding liberal justice to the South, while jealously guarding the rights of the North, and the issues decided by the great struggle ended, I trust and believe, forever. When elected, I believe that he will enter upon the duties of his high office with the single purpose of serving his country faithfully, and with no lower ambition than that of devoting every faculty to the glorious task of rendering the nation prosperous at home, honored and respected abroad. I would like to appeal to those who in civil life have honored me with their friendship and support, and especially add most earnestly to those men to whom I have never appealed in vain—my comrades of the war, to ask them to stand once more with me in our country's cause, in a civil contest now, as formerly in a deadly struggle, and support to the utmost the election of Mr. Tilden to the Presidency. I believe that the issues now at stake are similar to those for which we fought—the honor and well-being of the nation.

The Song of the Schurz.

Flop—Flop—Flop,
From Grant to Greely and back;
Like "base ball" returned by a skillful "short stop"
Or Dugald Dalgetty hack.

Rant—Rant—Rant,
For Reform and Wheeler and Hayes;
The people are fools, they will swallow the cant,
I go for the thing that pays.

Flop—Flop—Flop,
In the dirty work that pays;
Cant, stealing and fraud will never stop
For Schurz and Wheeler and Hayes.

Turn—Turn—Turn,
To the side where the butter is spread,
And preach it to folks who never learn
It is *they* who are taxed for the bread.

Spout—Spout—Spout,
For Robeson and Belknap and Hayes,
For the rogues that are in, afraid to go out,
And face the coming days.

O men, who office hold,
Stick to them like chestnut burrs,
Cover your frauds with faces bold,
For this is the song of Carl Schurz.

Now that Ben Butler has announced himself "a widow," and the owner of the yacht America, we suppose it's in order to speak of his recent nautical experience as the widow's cruise. [N. Y. Commercial.

But the widow's cruse didn't fail, and Butler hasn't done anything else.

There are two Massachusetts men speaking in Maine. The Republican is Slack, and the Democrat is Wright. That's about the way of it.

The Democrats of Thomaston last week organized a Tilden and Hendricks Club, with Atwood Levensaler as President.

That Indianapolis letter reads as though Kilpatrick had killed Hayes.

"Can I travel through your county with impunity, unless I'm provided with firearms?" inquired a commercial traveler of a hardy frontiersman at the Central Hotel. "Why, certingly! Why not? You oughter have a Winchester and two six-shooters, though, and be sorter quick about pulling them!" was the calm reply of the patriarch from the West. [San Antonio Herald.

Dr. Drake, Botanic Dr., of Portland will be in Belfast at the Phenix House, Sept. 12, 13, 14, and 15. He makes a specialty of Cancers, Tumors, Scrotula, Canker, Salt Rheum, Female weaknesses, and all forms of Diseases arising from impurities of the blood. Tumors removed without the use of a knife. Advice and consultation free to all. Office hours from 7 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 9. Dr. Drake's Celebrated Golden Bitters for Liver and Stomach Diseases, and Dr. Drake's Liver Pills, Dr. Drake's Nervous Pills for all forms of Nervous Diseases are for sale at S. A. Howes & Co., and druggists generally. John W. Perkins & Co., Portland, wholesale agents for Maine. Dr. C. E. Drake. 2 w. 9.

All persons afflicted with Kidney Disease, Pain in the Back, and all Urinary Diseases, Diabetes, Gravel, Dropsy, Nervous Debility, in either sex should at once take HUNT'S REMEDY.

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON. This hotel has been so long and so well kept, that like good wood wine it "needs no bush," and yet we can't help speaking a word in its favor. It has been established over a quarter of a century, and become renowned all over Europe and America, for its unexceptionable qualities as a first-class hotel, where both comfort and economy are combined. These are facts worth knowing to those who expect to visit Boston this season. Prices have recently been reduced to $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 per day.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

There is not a medical man who denys the efficacy of sulphur as a radical remedy in the larger portion of skin diseases which prevail in cities; and there is not a medical man who does not endorse GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP as the best way of applying it. Sold everywhere.

A Sense of Weariness is often felt by persons who cannot locate any particular disease. If they work, it becomes labor; if they walk, they soon tire; mental efforts become a burden, and even joys are dimmed by the shadow of this weakness which is cast over their lives. Resourse is had sometimes to stimulants of a dangerous character. The advice of physicians to refrain from active labor produces no happy results. Why? The system is debilitated and needs to be built up properly. PERUVIAN SYRUP will do this very thing. Like the electric current, it permeates the entire system, and harmonizing with the corporal functions, it raises up the enfeebled and brings the color to the cheek again, and hope to the despondent. It does its work promptly and well. Sold by all druggists.

LET EVERYBODY READ the invaluable medical and physiological treatise published by the Peabody Medical Institute, Boston. "The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," will, when carefully perused, convince the most skeptical reader that it is comparatively easy to avoid the ills which beset the young and thoughtless, and that the weakened forces of manhood may be re-established—that happiness and usefulness may be restored to those whose constitutions have been prematurely broken down. "Sexual Physiology of Woman," one of the publications of the Institute, is filled with matter of vital importance to females. And in this day, when so many are permanently broken down, the work on "Diseases of the Nerves and Nervous Maladies," is a timely one. The author of these popular works has recently been presented with a Gold Medal by the National Medical Association. The advertisement of the Institute, headed with a true likeness of the great benefactor, George Peabody, may be found in another column.

Mrs. Manchester,

The celebrated physician so long and favorably known, will visit Rockland, Sept. 1st, and can be consulted at the Thoradike House for ten days only. Mrs. M's success during the last fourteen years in the State of Maine, has been unprecedented. A large number of persons who have suffered for years from numerous chronic diseases, have been cured by her, after having been given up by other physicians. Invalids should not fail to consult her at once. She can show hundreds of testimonials, from persons in the highest standing that she has cured after having been given up to die.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is DaCosta's Radical Cure sold by W. O. Poor & Son, sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Orland. R. B. Stover, agent for Bucksport.

A 25c. bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself.

Professer Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it. 1f49

Caked Breasts, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Swellings, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Poisonous Bites, and all flesh, bone and muscle ailments, can be absolutely cured by the Centaur Liniments. What the White Liniment is for the human family, the Yellow Liniment is for spavined, galled, and lame horses and animals.

Mothers can secure health for their children and rest for themselves by the use of Castora, a perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely harmless, and is as pleasant to take as honey. For Wind-Colic, Sour Stomach, Worms or Constipation, for young or old, there is nothing in existence like it. It is certain, it is speedy, it is cheap. 3m 2

Sensible Advice.

You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, you get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER will cure you of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Water brash, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., we ask you to go to your Druggist, R. H. Moody, and get a Sample Bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER for 10 cents and try it, or a Regular Size for 75 cents, two doses will relieve you. 6 mos. 32 eow.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, retired physician, having providentally discovered, while a Medical Missionary in Southern Asia, a very simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of *Consumption*, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all throat and lung affections,—also a positive and radical specific for Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all Nervous Complaints, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fell

The Fringed Gentian.

Do you remember where the gentian lifted
Its cup of fringed blue among the grasses,
'Mid trees between whose leaves the sunshine sifted,
And drenched its bloom in tremulous, broken masses?

Wind-waves were chasing waves across the clover;
We idly wandered between sun and shadow,
Listened the quail's clear piping in the cover,
And watched the flickering lark athwart the meadow.

'Twas summer, by the murmur of the river,
Cool lapsing on its shelving, pebbly edges—
One heard it in the aspen's ceaseless quiver
And in the sleepy whisper of the sedges.

Sentinel birches stood in silver armor,
A web of trailing vines, with blossoms weighted,
Hampered our feet. The wild grapes blushing warmer,
Swung to your dear cheek from the vines they freighted.

And there we found it, lifting its blue splendor,
A turquoise cup brimmed full with liquid summer,
Its fringed lip hedged round with leafage tender,
As if to guard it from a careless comer.

It stood so pure, so wrapt in sweet perfection,
Gilding the gold of that most golden hour,
Its hue the summer sky's complete reflection—
"Here," said you, "are the crowning day and flower."

And so you crowned me with a dainty neatness,
Weaving a crown of gentian, Homeward wending.
I said, "Ere this you crowned me in completeness;
That crown shall last long after this has ending."

'Twas long ago. The flowery crown has faded,
Your face is sadder, and your walk less springing.
My whitening temples, and my footsteps jaded,
Are tokens of the changes time is bringing.

And now a wintry sun gleams from the southward,
And dead leaves waver down through wintry spaces;
Backward we send regretful glances youthward,
And memory lives her life in loved old places.

But here 'tis summer still. In bright eyes round me
The gentian blooms. And ever happy hearted,
I wear the cherished crown wherewith you crowned me,
Your husband, in the dear old days departed.

[A. M. V. D., in the Galaxy.

The Old Couple.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are failing,
And she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek has fled,
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring time prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystic road
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

In every church through this broad Christian land,
Whether in towns or silent fields it be,
A vision fair, yet sad, I seem to see;
One at the altar ever seems to stand,
And spreads on either side His wounded hand,
Inviting all with grave benignity
To come and take the gifts of mercy free,
In tones the heart of man must understand.
Yet is the place deserted! Year by year,
And week by week come crowds as if to pray,
The word of God sounds ever in their ear—
They listen, and arise and haste away!
All hear that gracious voice—how few obey;
What crowds depart! How few are gathered here!

The day of fettered limbs and gagged tongues is gone by. Men will not be ruled by men as they have been. The children of the future will call no man master. They will think out their own faiths and consecrate their own lives. [Rev. W. H. H. Murray.

He is the best gentleman that is the son of his own deserts and not the degenerated heir of another's virtues. [Victor Hugo.

What seems to be generosity is often no more than disguised ambition, which overlooks a small interest in order to gratify a great one. [Reuchelouncaulo.

There are few of us, even the most candid, that do not keep some inner niche, where we retire alone with our chosen oracle, our single memory or our hidden hope.

The impressions on the imaginations make the great days of life; the book, the landscape, or the personality which did not stay on the surface of the eye and ear, but penetrated to the inward sense, agitates us and is not forgotten.

Outside of the nursery the beginning of literature is the prayers of the people, and they are always by nius, poetic—the mind allowing itself range, and therewith is ever a corresponding freedom in the style, which becomes lyrical.

Events or things are only the fulfilment of the prediction of the faculties. Better men saw heavens and earths; saw noble instruments of noble souls. We see railroads, mills, and banks, and we pity the poverty of these dreaming Buddhists.

The act of imagination is ever attended by pure delight. It infuses a certain volatility and intoxication into all nature. It has a flute which sets the atoms of our frame in a dance. Our indeterminate size is a delicious secret which it reveals to us.

Nature is the true idealist. When she serves us best, when, on rare days, she speaks to the imagination, we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us; that the light, skies and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul.

Oftimes I have seen, says Oliver Wendell Holmes, a tall ship glide by against the tide with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steamtug with a heart of fire and arms of iron that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steamtug untwined her arms and left the ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius high decked, full freighted, wide sailed, gay pennoned, that but for the bare toiling arms and brave, warm beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled closely in his shadow and clung to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.

Asiatic Cholera.

Dr. Bonnafont, in a communication upon the Asiatic cholera, read before the Academy of Medicine at Paris, enunciates the following general propositions: First, this disease can not originate spontaneously in any other country than India, but must reach other regions by transportation or by the germs of the disease, atmospheric currents, or some other vehicle; second, all hygenic methods to avert this plague must be initiated and maintained in the country of its origin; third, that it is not the dead bodies of animals abandoned on the soil by caravans of pilgrims or the number of human bodies thrown into the Ganges that produce the eruptions of the Asiatic cholera, as these practices have prevailed for ages, while appearances of epidemic or Asiatic cholera in Europe, Africa or America date only from the beginning of the present century; fourth, other causes, therefore, must exist for the frequent movement of this disease, and it is in India that these are to be investigated; fifth, secondary epidemics may perhaps be developed in points already infected, but with very rare exceptions they never assume the exact features of genuine cholera, and they will generally fade out and disappear until reinforced by a new eruption from the original starting-point. Therefore the special points to be be considered are the questions why cholera has remained for centuries in an endemic and stationary condition in India, and why it has recently emerged though the atmospheric conditions and the manners and customs of the Hindoos and pilgrims apparently remain unchanged.

The Irishman put it neatly who said that his doctor gave him so much medicine that he was sick a long time after he got well.

The Grasshopper Plague in Colorado.

A private letter to the Boston Traveller from Platteville, Colorado, tells a sad story of the ravages of the pest of the far West—the grasshopper. The writer, under date of August 2d, says:—

"That terrible scourge, the 'hopper,' has come in all his majesty and irresistible power. I will give you a faint idea of how he works. Our neighbors from 80 to 100 miles down the Platte are in mortal fear of the red fiends, who, at times, swoop down upon our frontiersmen with such barbarous and relentless fury, not satisfied with simply killing their victims, but delight in most unheard of mutilations of their bodies, especially of women and children. But we, who *dry up* nearer the mountains, and cultivate our fields and gardens with the aid of the little water that can be coaxed out of the rivers and streams, while feeling secure from molestation from the red devils, had begun to hope that we might escape the ravages of a foe but little inferior to them. I refer to that Egyptian plague, the locust, called here the grasshopper.

You have doubtless read about them, but reading of them will convey no more vivid or accurate an idea of the terror and devastation they spread over the country than does the Bible account of purgatory to a Sioux Indian. This morning we were proud and happy in the possession of a beautiful garden, filled with everything that will grow in this high and dry climate, from all of which we anticipated much comfort. But how sad and disappointed are the hopes of the wicked, especcially in Colorado. After ten o'clock in the morning our attention was called to a rumbling, dismal sound, as of many earthquakes, and immediately the air was darkened, the sun hidden from view by myriads — thousands of bushels—of these terrible insects, which in a few moments began to settle down upon the gardens and fields in every direction. For an hour or two, all hands, men, women and children, sallied forth, armed with every conceivable weapon, to fight the hoppers off our garden. But all in vain. While we men were driving off one thousand billions, four times as many more would settle down behind us, over and all around us, until in utter despair, we were glad to beat an inglorious retreat to the house. They filled and covered everything. The vegetation, the earth, fences, stables, house and all, were literally black or brown with them, and in the ditches and hollows, they lay, or crawled, from two to four inches deep. By night our beautiful garden of nearly two acres was as barren and gloomy a looking spot as the eye ever rested upon, and we felt as though we had had a funeral. For months we had worked, early and late, carrying water of the amount of thousands of pails full, to nurse and encourage the growth of our trees, fruit and vegetables, but in about as many hours all was gone. Over 100 large thrifty trees, 200 blackberry and raspberry bushes, strawberry patch, pie plant, horse radish, 50 small trees, a thousand melons, an abundance of sweet corn, bushels of tomatoes, half grown, an asparagus bed, lettuce, beets, *everything* taken *and nothing left*. And all this does not *begin* to convey an adequate idea of the gloom and alarm these insects spread over the land. They came this time from the northeast, and were traveling to the southwest. Within twenty miles of us many hundreds, and probably thousands of acres of corn and oats were devoured in a single day. Most of the wheat, which is by far the safest crop in the country, was too far advanced to afford the animals much comfort, as they prefer the tender blade.

The young hoppers destroyed some of the crops early in the spring, and many ranchmen planted a second time. After the great flood which deluged the country about six or eight weeks ago, it was thought the young hoppers had been mostly washed away, and perhaps they were. But while they exist anywhere on earth, they are liable to come to us. A journey of a thousands miles, with fair wind, is a trifling matter with them.

While writing, I learn that one field of corn and oats, over forty acres, are almost gone and still going. So we are in sorrow."

The Cattle King of the Plains.

[From the New York World.]

The experience of Mr. Iliff, the "Cattle King of the Plains," whose great ranche in northern Colorado includes hundreds of square miles of bottom and upland ranges, is typical of the whole. During the severe winter of 1871–72 there were deep snows that remained a long time, and the storms were incessant. In the midst of them Mr. Iliff visited his ranche and found his cattle dying and scattered by thousands. In spite of all he could do, less than half of them were recovered, and those had strayed at spring time into two different States and four different territories. More than $20,000 were expended in efforts to find them. At last, in the spring of 1874, 5000 undiscovered head were charged to profit and loss. Could these have been sold the previous Fall they would have brought at least $18 a head, a total of $90,000. Yet the Cattle King, and many cattle princes beside him, make money from cattle raising on the plains, for they learn much by experience, and the demand is great enough to warrant all their risks. Mr. Iliff has now more than 26,000 head of cattle of all ages, sizes and conditions. Nearly five thousand calves were branded on his ranche last year, and he sold about the same number of four-year-old steers and fat cows. At the average selling price of $32 a head, net, 4000 head brought him $128,000. He employs from twelve to thirty-five men to take care of his immense herds in summer. By the introduction of thoroughbred Durham bulls the herds are rapidly graded up, and he estimates the increase, outside of purchases and sales, to be about 70 per cent. per year. Besides the cattle raised on his ranche he deals largely in Texas and Indian cattle, and last season advertised for 20,000 head of Texas cattle to be delivered during the driving months of 1876. If he does not obtain this number from Texas he expects to supply the deficiency with Oregon and Montana cattle, which are beginning to come East. The Laramie Plains, higher up, among the mountains, are a paradise for stock, especially sheep, and away over the mountains towards the Pacific there are stock ranches that throw even Iliff's in the shade. In the Humboldt Valley, some five hundred and fifty miles east from San Francisco, one cattle farm, Dunphy & Hildreth, have 20,000 acres fenced in. It is seven miles across from their eastern to their western fence. The fences, made of redwood posts and Oregon pine boards, cost about $900 a mile, and there are twenty miles of them. The firm own 40,000 head of cattle, which are mostly shipped to San Francisco. The stock is all of good quality, and some of the best blooded animals in the country are annually purchased to improve the grades. The snow here seldom falls deep, does not stay long, and the grass makes its appearance early in the spring. Grass, though, does not seem essential to the well-being of some of the fattest cattle on the continent. Further down the Humboldt Valley, where nothing else but sage-brush, greasewood and alkali-dust is to be seen, the Central Pacific trains have to slacken speed to avoid maiming heavy herds, for which the green grease-wood bush is alleged to furnish abundant provender.

"Suppose, Belle," said a poor but honest Chicago youth to a Prairie avenue girl, one day this week, "suppose that a young man loved you dearly—very dearly—but was afraid to ask you to marry him—maybe because he was very timid or felt too poor, or something—what would you think of such a case?" "Think?" answered the girl immediately. "Why, if he was poor, I should think that he was doing just right in keeping still about it!"

The question was dopped right there.

A Pennsylvania camp-meeting was recently broken up by six poor little skunks. The devil comes in various guises.

A wag presented an Elizabeth (N. J.) saloon keeper with a pair of steel engravings of Sankey and Moody, representing them to be correct portraits of Hayes and Wheeler. They now adorn his walls.

Shot in a Sleeping-Car.

A Union Pacific express train, between Ogden and Omaha, on Saturday was thrown into sudden confusion and alarm by a lot of desperate men who were seeking a victim. Ogallala is a famous cattle point on the Union Pacific, and there are usually a large number of cattle dealers there. A lively dealer in card games went through his cattle compatriots for about $10,000. He refused to give up his hard-earned wages and succeeded, after much strategy, in skipping the town. A train passed Ogallala about two o'clock in the morning, and on this train the hero of the deal and chip made his escape. The enraged cattle men, however, were determined to get their money back. They immediately telegraphed ahead of the train to friends in Alkali, the next station. When the train arrived at Alkali the cattle men of that place boarded the train and were not long in finding the little joker pretending to be fast asleep in a berth in the middle of the Pullman. The trouble then commenced, and a lively time was had for a few minutes. The gambler refused to go with the cattle men, and they insisted that he should. A fight ensued, in the midst of which several shots were fired. The passengers became panic-stricken and rushed out of the car, through windows as well as doors, as the bullets whistled through the air. Women screamed and fainted, children would not be comforted, and, take it all in all, the scene was a frightful one. The cattle men finally dragged out their victim, tied him to a mule and started away with him. The passengers returned to the car. One young lady continued screaming in a terrible way. She insisted that she was wounded in the leg. Medical attendance was summoned from the station, and an examination revealed that a pin in the young lady's stocking was cruelly sticking into her. The fate of the gambler was not ascertained. The Pullman car was pretty freely perforated by the bullets.

In the libel suit of the San Francisco Bulletin vs the Alta it came out that the failure of the Bank of California was the result of a defalcation by the late President Ralston.

CATARRH.

Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Earache, Deafness, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Sore Throat, Swollen Tonsils, Tickling Cough, Bronchitis, and Bleeding of the Lungs cured by

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

The only safe and always reliable remedy for the immediate relief and permanent cure of every symptom and stage of Catarrh. It is a medicine pure as distilled water and is obtained entirely by distillation of certain herbs and plants whereby the essential medicinal principle is alone obtained, while every particle of woody fibre is rejected. It is entirely unlike every other before the public, and those who have tried all other remedies are assured on the honor of the general agents that this medicine has and will accomplish all that is claimed for it.

From the well-known maker of Yale's Mammoth Tent.

Gentlemen,—I have suffered ten years from the worst forms of ACUTE CATARRH, OR COLD IN THE HEAD, that ever afflicted mortal man. Whenever I took a fresh cold it would settle in my head, causing the most violent sneezing, accompanied with excessive discharges from my eyes and nose. For days and days my suffering would be intense, and finally settling in my loins and bowels, would render my life miserable for a month. Never, during all my suffering, was I able to obtain even temporary relief from any medicine I ever tried. Three weeks ago, while suffering from the worst attack I ever had, I procured a bottle of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. The relief from the first dose was so gratifying that I would willingly have given *one hundred dollars to obtain it.* A few doses completely cured me. My head has since been perfectly free from mucous accumulations, my breathing easy, and not a symptom of trouble about my back and bowels has presented itself. Its effect in my case has been truly remarkable.

Very respectfully, R. M. YALE,
Sail and Awning Maker, 2 South Market Street.

"Could not keep Anything on his Stomach."

Gentlemen,—I have been troubled with Catarrh for over twenty years, and have suffered from the effects of this obnoxious disease. At times I have been unable to keep anything on my stomach from its effects. After trying various remedies, I was induced by Mr. Gould to try your SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE, and to my great surprise was immediately relieved. After using one bottle I find I am nearly if not quite permanently cured.

Most respectfully yours, H. N. DEXTER.

Positive Corroboration of Above.

This may certify that we have known Mr. Dexter for four years, and know his statement to be true in every particular. We know that he has been a great sufferer, that he has tried many remedies without relief, until we advised him to take the RADICAL CURE. This preparation has performed many cures, and give universal satisfaction.

Very respectfully, GOULD BROS.,
Druggists, 116 Pleasant Street.

From an old Cape Ann Druggist.

Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE is the best remedy for Catarrh I have ever sold. It gives *universal satisfaction. I have not found a case that it did not relieve at once*, and in many cases a cure is performed by the use of one bottle. It must soon lead all others in the market. Please send me another supply.

Respectfully yours, ANDREW LEE.

Each package contains a Treatise on Catarrh and Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube. Price $1.00. For sale by Druggists everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, General Agents.

☞USE SANFORD'S JAMAICA GINGER, for Colds, Chills, and Simple Fevers. 4w6

New Advertisements.

Spice Compounds.

The cost of all kinds of Spices can be reduced from **25 to 60 per cent.** by the use of our Compounds. Sample package for one kind of Spice, with full directions for using, sent on receipt of **$1.25.**

Conn. Spice Co.,
Box 127, Hartford, Ct.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

An overdose of Dinner often deranges the system, brings on flatulency and wind colic, and subjects the patient to great bodily suffering. A single dose of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient,

will correct the acidity, relieve the pain, carry off the offending cause, and save sometimes a long spell of illness. Its effects are gentle and thorough, and its general use would prevent much suffering.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WESTERN LANDS
HOMESTEADS.

If you want reliable information, where and how to get a cheap **FARM**, or government **Homestead** *free*, send your address to S. J. GILMORE, Land Commissioner, Lawrence, Kansas, and receive *gratis* a copy of **The Kansas Pacific Homestead.**

10 PER CENT. NET for the money lender. Interest paid semi-annually in N. Y. Exchange. Security **3 to 6** times the loan in land alone, exclusive of the buildings. No investment safer. No payments more promptly met. Best of references given. Send stamp for particulars. **D. S. B. JOHNSTON, Negotiator of Mortgage Loans, St. Paul, Minnesota.**

PATENT SINKS,

Manufactured by the Miller Iron Co. of Providence, R. I., are the best for the protection of houses against offensive odors or any obstructions in the trap, or waste pipe. Send for testimonials from Practical Plumbers, and Price-List.

Also Manufacturers of Ornamental Iron Work for Lawns, Gardens, Parks, Cemeteries, &c.

Also, Milers' Patent Grinders, for Milling Castings in Foundries, &c.

☞**Illustrated Catalogue sent free.**

MIND READING. PSYCHOMANCY. FASCination. Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. 400 pages. By mail 50 cts. Hunt & Co., 139 S. 7th St., Phila.

Hair and Tooth Brushes!

COMBS OF ALL KINDS.

A Large Lot Selling Low at

HERVEY'S JEWELRY STORE.

Centaur Liniments!

White, for the Human Family. Yellow, for Horses & Animals.

These Liniments are simply the wonder of the world. Their effects are little less than marvellous, yet there are some things which they will not do. They will not cure cancer or mend broken bones, but they will always allay pain. They have straightened fingers, cured chronic rheumatism of many years standing, and taken the pain from terrible burns and scalds, which has never been done by any other article.

The White Liniment is for the human family. It will drive Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia from the system; cure Lumbago, Chillblains, Palsy, Itch, and most Cutaneous Eruptions; it extracts frost from frozen hands and feet, and the **poison of bites and stings** of venomous reptiles; it subdues swellings, and alleviates pain of every kind.

For sprains or bruises it is the most potent remedy ever discovered. The Centaur Liniment is used with great efficacy for Sore Throat, **Toothache, Caked Breasts,** Earache, and Weak Back. The following is but a sample of numerous testimonials:

"INDIANA HOME, JEFF. CO., IND., May 25, '73.
"I think it my duty to inform you that I have suffered much with swollen feet and chords. I have not been free from these swellings in eight years. Now I am perfectly well, thanks to the Centaur Liniment. The Liniment ought to be applied warm.
BENJAMIN BROWN."

The proof is in the trial. It is reliable, it is handy, it is cheap, and every family should have it.

To the sick and bed-ridden, the halt and lame, to the wounded and sore, we say, **"Come and be healed."**

To the poor and distressed who have spent their money for worthless medicines, a bottle of **Centaur Liniment** will be given without charge.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment

is adapted to the tough muscles, cords and flesh of horses and animals. It has performed more **wonderful cures** of Spavin, Strain, Wind galls, Scratches, Sweeny, and general Lameness, than all other remedies in existence. Read what the great Expressmen say of it:

"NEW YORK, January, 1874.
"Every owner of horses should give the CENTAUR LINIMENT a trial. We consider it the best article ever used in our stables.
"H. MARSH, Supt. Adams Ex. Stables, N.Y.
"E. PULTZ, Supt. U. S. Ex. Stables, N. Y.
"ALBERT S. ODIN, Supt. Nat. Ex. Stables, N.Y."

MONTGOMMARY, ALA., Aug. 17, 1874.
"GENTLEMEN,—I have used over one gross of **Centaur Liniment**, yellow wrapper, on the mules of my plantation, besides dozens of the family Liniment for my negroes. I want to purchase it at the wholesale price, and will thank you to ship me by Savannah steamer one gross of each kind. Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co. will pay your bill on presentation. "Respectfully, JAMES DARROW."

The best patrons of this Liniment are Farriers and Veterinary Surgeons. It heals Galls, Wounds and Poll-evil, removes Swellings, and is worth **millions of dollars** to Farmers, Livery-men, Stock growers, Sheep-raisers, and those having horses or cattle.

What a Farrier cannot do for $20 the Centaur Liniment will do at a trifling cost.

These Liniments are warranted by the proprietors, and a bottle will be given to any Farrier or Physician who desires to test them. Sold everywhere.

Laboratory of J. B. ROSE & CO.,
46 DEY ST., NEW YORK.

Castoria.

Is a pleasant and perfect substitute, in all cases, for **Castor Oil.** Castora is the result of an old Physician's effort to produce, for his own practice, an **effective cathartic**, pleasant to the taste and free from griping.

Dr. Samuel Pitcher, Hyannis, Mass., succeeded in combining, without the use of alcohol, a purgative agent as **pleasant to take as honey**, and which possesses all the desirable properties of Castor Oil.

It is adapted to all ages, but is especially recommended to **mothers** as a reliable remedy for all disorders of the stomach and bowels of children. It is certain, agreeable, absolutely harmless, and cheap. It should be used for wind colic, sour stomach, worms, costiveness, croup, &c., then children can have sleep and mothers may rest.

J. B. Rose & Co., of 46 Dey Street, New York, are the sole preparers of Castoria, after Dr. Pitcher's receipe. 3m2

No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston,
(Opposite Revere House.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE;

Or, SELF-PRESERVATION.

MORE THAN ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD.

Gold Medal Awarded to the Anthor by the "National Medical Association," March 31st, 1876.

JUST published by the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled the "SCIENCE OF LIFE; or, SELF-PRESERVATION." It treats upon MANHOOD, how lost, how regained and perpetuated; cause and cure of Exhausted Vitality, Impotency, Premature Decline in Man, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Losses (nocturnal and diurnal), Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Lose of energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all diseases arising from the EFFECTS OF YOUTH or the indiscretions or excesses of mature years.

It tells you all about the Morale of Generative Physiology, the Physiology of Marriage, of Wedlock and Offspring, Physical Contrasts, The Morality, Empiricism, Perversion of Marriage, Conjugal Precept and Friendly Counsel, Physical Infirmity, Its Causes and Cure, Relations Between the Sexes, Proofs of the Expansion of Vice, The Miseries of Imprudence, Ancient Ignorance and Errors, MEANS OF CURE, Cure of Body and Mind. TRUE PRINCIPLES OF TREATMENT, Address to Patients and Invalid Readers, The Author's Principles. The price of this book is only $1.00.

This Book also contains More than Fifty Prescriptions for the above named and other diseases, each one worth more than the price of the book.

Also, another valuable medical work treating exclusively on MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASES; more than 200 royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin. Price only $2.00. Barely enough to pay for printing.

"The Book for young and middle-aged men to read just now, is the Science of Life, or Self Preservation. The author has returned from Europe in excellent health, and is again the Chief Consulting Physician of the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass."—Republican Journal.

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"It should be read by the young, the middle-aged and even the old."—New York Tribune.

The first and only Medal ever conferred upon any Medical Man in the country, as a recognition of skill and professional services, was presented to the author of these works, March 31st, 1876. The presentation was noticed at the time of its occurrence by the Boston Press, and the leading journals throughout the country. This magnificent Medal is of solid gold, set with more than one hundred India diamonds of rare brilliancy.

"Altogether, in its execution and the richness of its materials, and size, this is decidedly the most noticeable medal ever struck in this country for any purpose whatever. It is well worth the inspection of Numismatists. It was fairly won and worthily bestowed."—Massachusetts Ploughman, June 3d, 1876.

☞Catalogue sent on receipt of 6c. for postage.

Either of the above works sent by mail on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., opp. Revere House.

N. B. The author can be consulted on the above named diseases, as well as all diseases requiring skill, secrecy and experience. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 1y3

NOTICE.

Geo. DeProux

(Formerly with A. B. Mathews, Furniture Dealer, No. 70 Main Street,)

Would respectfully announce to the citizens of Belfast and vicinity that he is now located on

Church St., Next door to the Court House,

Where he is prepared to do all kinds of

Furniture Repairing & Upholstering

AT SHORT NOTICE.

And Prices to suit the times. I shall make CORNICE and DRAPERY WORK a specialty.

Having had quite large experience in this branch of the business, I feel confident I shall be able to please all who may favor me with a call. I shall be pleased to show samples and patterns at any time; also Lace Drapery put up in the latest styles.

LAMBREQUINS in Cretone or Worsted Goods cut and made to order.

SLIPPER CASES AND TOWEL RACKS

in Worsted Work mounted neatly and at low prices.

☞Work taken from houses and returned without extra expense.

Hoping to see all my old friends, and as many new ones as will favor me with a call at my new place.

I remain, Respectfully, GEO. DEPROUX.
Belfast, June 8, 1876. 3mos49

We Have Heard of it!!

Large Decline in Prices of

FURNITURE.

EVERYTHING

USUALLY KEPT IN A

Furniture Store

CAN BE FOUND AT

J. C. THOMPSON & SON'S

AND WILL BE

SOLD

—AT—

EXTREMELY

LOW PRICES!

40

Lumber! Lumber!!

The undersigned is closing out his Stock of

Lumber, Lime, Cement, Sand, &c.

At the old stand formerly occupied by M. R. COOPER & CO., and now offers to the public for CASH Great Bargains for 60 days.

Hemlock Boards,	$10 50
Spruce Boards, good quality,	8 00
" " Extra quality,	10 50
Hemlock and Spruce Lumber all sizes and lengths up to 40 feet,	10 50
Two inch Spruce plank,	8 00
Spruce Joice, random,	6 75
Cedar Shingles,	1 25
" "	1 75
" "	2 00
200 Barrels Cement,	1 50
Lime,	80

PICKETS AND HAY BOARDS.

8 to 12 M Hay Hoops on hand, $12 00
Hardwood Boards from 1 to 1 3-4 inch; Cedar Posts from 6 to 10 feet; House Gutters, 6 to 10 cents per foot; Floor boards, plained and jointed; Nice Yard Boards, plained and shippers, SOLD AT COST.

I can also furnish, on short notice, Hemlock frames cut to dimensions with all the necessary lumber to complete the building.

A. HAYFORD.
Belfast, Aug. 3, 1876, 15

1876. 1876.

Read & Remember!

I HAVE just added to my Stock BOND'S BUTTER CRACKERS, Soda and Fancy Pilot Bread, Snaps of all kinds, Lemon Biscuit, Oat Meal Biscuit and Bunds fresh from Bond's Backery, Boston. Also a large sortment of Fishing Tackle, Hooks and Lines, &c.

Also I have just received and shall keep constantly on hand a Large and Well-Selected Stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Fruit and Confectionery,

Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods

Sardines, Pickles,

JELLIES, NUTS, FIGS, RAISINS, &c.

Pure Cider & Cider Vinegar

BY THE QUANTITY FOR FAMILY USE.

☞**Best Five Cent Cigars in the City.**

GEO. G. WELLS,
18 High St., Belfast, Me.
tf1

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

Great inducement to Buyers of

Boots & Shoes

The place to Buy is at

H. H. FORBES'

Who on account of failing health, proposes to sell out his entire Stock of **BOOTS** and **SHOES** at about the original cost at retail, thereby giving the wearer the benefit of the LOW PRICES for CASH and CASH ONLY; as I propose to close up my business very soon no credit will be given.

My Stock consists of all the various styles of **LADIES, MISS** and **CHILDRENS'** *KID, CLOTH,* and *KID FOXED BOOTS,* also *SLIPPERS, BUTTON SHOES,* also **MEN'S** and **BOY'S** *CALF BOOTS, ALEXAS BOOT,* also *CALF STRAP BUCKLE SHOES,* also Common *KIP, THICK,* and *SPLIT SHOES,* for common wear. In fact the stock is too numerous to mention in detail, and finally, call and examine the *QUALITY* and *PRICES,* and you will be sure to buy. As I propose to give all *GOOD BARGAINS* as long as they LAST, if I am able to attend to business. Don't forget the place, at

H. H. FORBES,
No. 13 Main Street.
Belfast, June 5, 1876.

Special Notice.

As I am closing out my Stock on account of poor health, all persons indebted to me by note or account, are hereby notified that their accounts must be settled immediately, or they will be placed in the hands of other parties for collection.

H. H. FORBES.
Belfast, June 5, 1876. 49tf

Room Papers

—AND—

BORDERS

VERY LOW AT

J. C. THOMPSON & SON

40

"PULL DOWN YOUR VEST"!

WE are now having a supply of VESTS and can furnish our hands with work.

Parties OWING for MACHINES can now have work. MONROE hands who are ready to work, will please notify us.

GEO. A. QUIMBY & CO.
Belfast, June 15, 1875. tf50

CORN! CORN!!

7300 BUSHELS PRIME YELLOW CORN just received by Schooner Lizzie Mills. The Corn is of excellent quality. For sale LOW. In store at Lane's Wharf.

ALBERT CARTER.
Belfast, Aug. 9, 1876. tf6

Last Call!

PERSONS who have unsettled accounts of long standing will please call, settle, and save cost.

B. F. WELLS.
Belfast, Aug. 17, 1876. 7tf

House for Sale.

A TWO STORY HOUSE with quarter of an an acre of land. Centrally located, corner of Court and Park Streets; has a small barn in connection, also cistern, good well of water, fruit trees, etc. The house has been fitted to accommodate two families, and has all conveniences for such. Person wishing to examine property or make inquiries will call at No. 59 Court Street.

Belfast, July 29, 1876. tf3

For Sale or Rent.

HOUSE with an Acre and a half of land for sale or rent. One of the new houses on Belmont Avenue. Terms easy. Enquire of GEO. G. WELLS.

Belfast, Feb. 29, 1876. tf35

Valuable Real Estate for Sale!

THE HOMESTEAD of the late John Haraden situated on Church Street, is now offered for sale to close the estate.

The property consists of over 5,000 feet of Land, 109 feet on Church Street, and more than 50 feet deep, with buildings thereon in good condition.

Will be Sold Immediately If Wanted.

Also the property on Miller Street, now occupied by Lemine Colley, consisting of 8 acres grass land with House, Ell, Wood-house and a large Barn. From 9 to 12 Tons Hay cut annually upon the premises. A good Orchard upon the premises. For further particulars apply to the subscriber.

DAN'L. HARADEN.
Belfast, Feb. 15, 1876. tf33

Musical Notice.

MISS ABBIE E. FELLS, will receive a few pupils for instruction upon the Piano and Cabinet Organ. Special care taken with beginners. For terms inquire at 143 Main Street.

Nov. 25, 1875.—tf21

G. E. JOHNSON,
Attorney at Law!
14 MAIN STREET, BELFAST.
Office formerly occupied by E. K. Boyle.

GEO. E. WALLACE,
Attorney at Law!
HARADEN BLOCK, Belfast, Me.

☞All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

W. P. THOMPSON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
BELFAST, MAINE.
6mos41

F. A. GREER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
—OFFICE IN—
Alden's Block, Main Street,
BELFAST, MAINE.

☞Particular attention given to COLLECTING and CONVEYANCING. Prompt attention given to Communications by mail. 6m52.

E. J. MORISON & CO.

(Successors to Carle & Morison,)
DEALERS IN
Hardware, Iron, Steel, House,

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G. T. READ,
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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Sewing Machine Attachments.

☞Particular attention given to Sewing Machine Repairing. Shot Guns Repaired and Bored to shoot close. **No. 46 MAIN STREET.**
Jan. 1st, 1876—tf

ROBINSON HOUSE

J. F. MOSES & CO., Proprietors.
BUCKSPORT, MAINE.
2mos52*

Sanborn House.

JOSEPH SANBORN, JR.,

Announces to his many friends that he has returned and again taken possession of the well known

SANBORN HOUSE,

where he will be glad to welcome them. The house is near the depot, well fitted and offers every inducement for a quiet summer resort.

A good stable is connected with the house. Give me a call. JOSEPH SANBORN, JR.
Belfast, June 1, 1875. tf48

HERRIMAN, WARMINGTON & CO
SHIPWRIGHTS, SHIPSMITHS,
Mast, Spar & Blockmakers,
JOINERS, &C.
OFFICE: 9 Waterloo Road. } LIVERPOOL.
WORKS: Barton Street.

This firm confidently assure the masters and owners of ships that they have the best of facilities for executing every branch of shipwork, for both wooden and iron ships, in a manner guaranteed to give satisfaction. tf36

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold at public auction by virtue of a licence from the Court of Probate for the County of Waldo, on Saturday, the